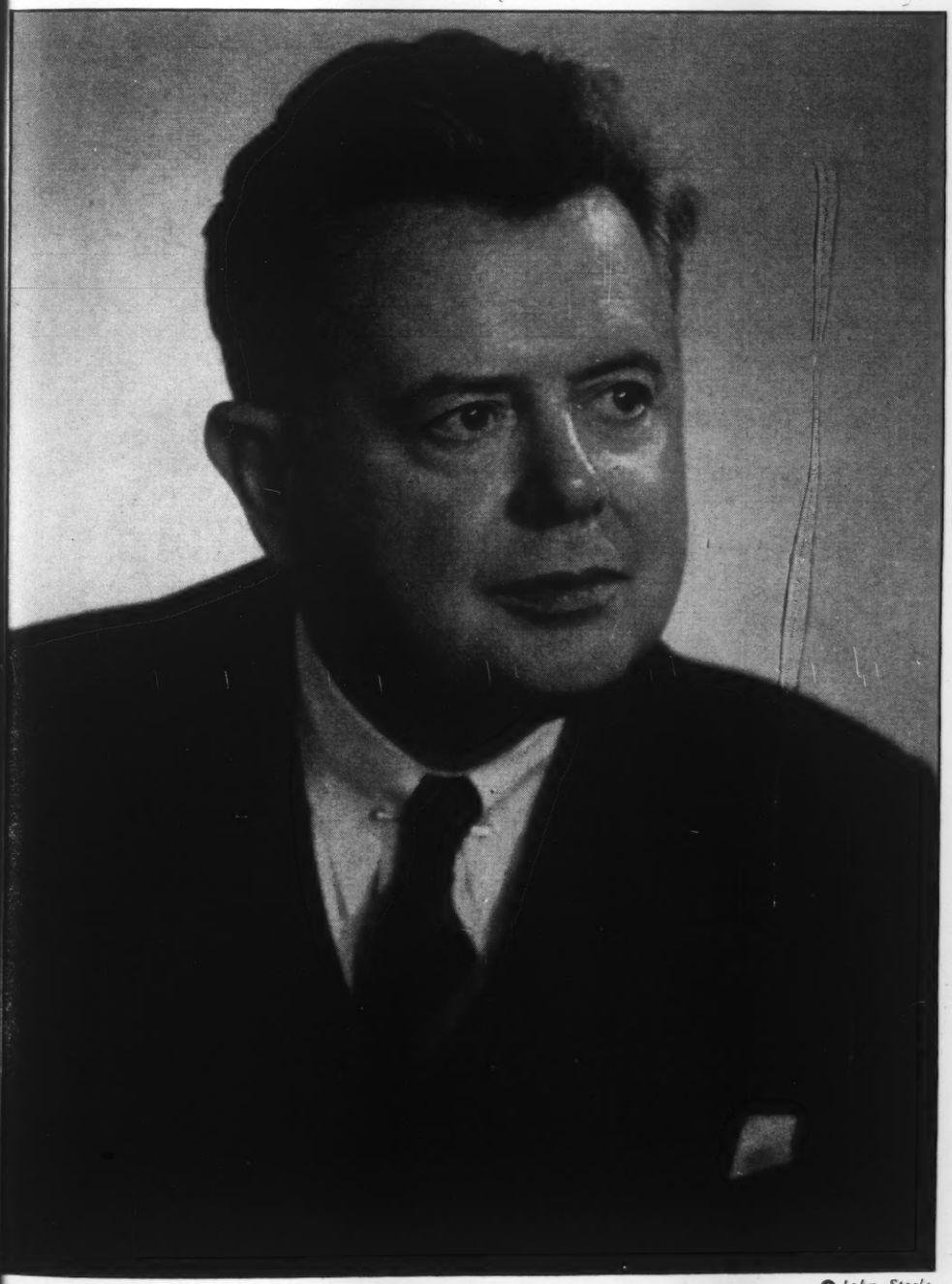
Saturday Night

June 19, 1954 • 10 Cents



© John Steele

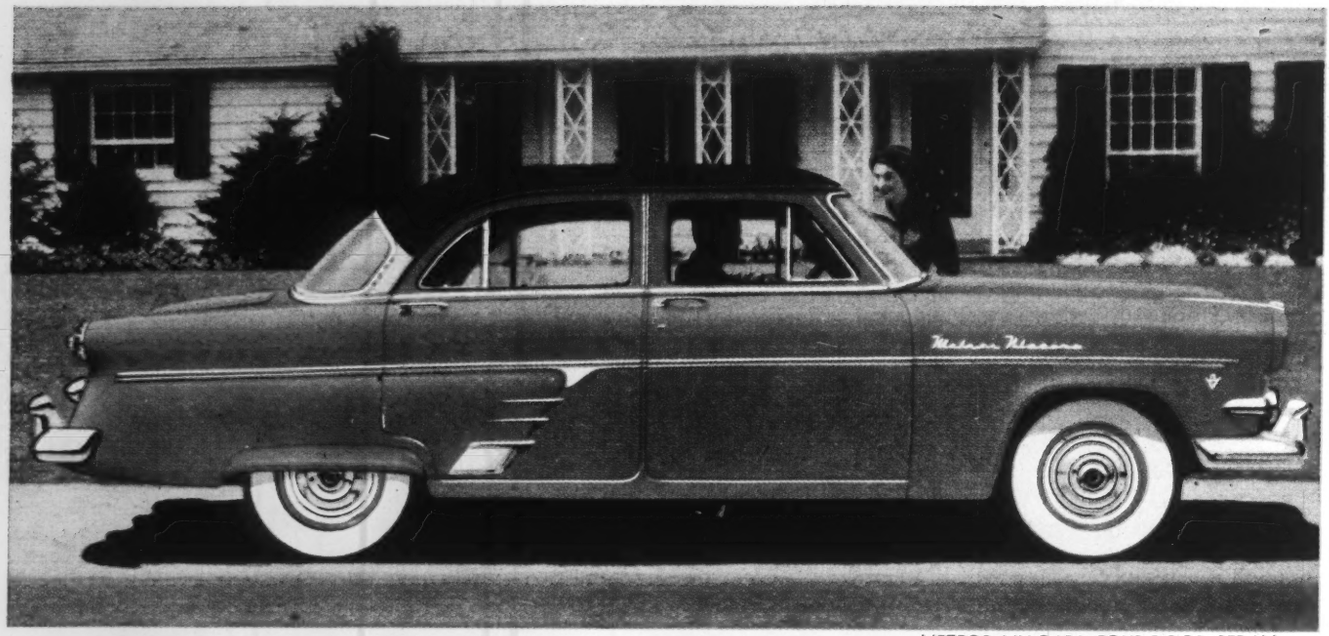
SIR ERNEST MACMILLAN: Coast to coast. (Page 4)

The Front Page

The upper echelons of the Canadian Army seem to have developed enough schizophrenic tendencies recently to warrant a clinical examination by Parliament. The brass hats apparently enjoy putting themselves on show and at the same time have a mania for mystery, a curious and sometimes amusing combination of urges but not one designed to bring credit to the Army or to strengthen public confidence in the way the money set aside for defence, $2 billion of it each year, is being spent.

Just the other day H. W. Herridge, the CCF member for Kootenay West, told the House of Commons about three generals who visited the parliamentary restaurant. They travelled from defence headquarters in three expensive cars, all driven by chauffeurs. "They all arrived in their grandeur," Mr. Herridge said, "complete with the three chauffeurs who had to wait outside the parliament buildings for about three hours." It was public money that was spent on such an extravagant display. Not long before Mr. Herridge made his report, another general got himself into the papers by haranguing a

P. G. WODEHOUSE EXPLAINS HIS LIKING FOR EARLS: Page 7



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

police officer who was not impressed by flag-decorated military vehicles or their occupants—the boorish reaction of an inflated ego.

Where weapons and training plans are concerned, however, the other half of the split personality becomes evident. When it was learnt, for example, that the American 155-millimetre howitzer was replacing the British 5.5 as the Canadian Army's standard piece of medium artillery, the brass hats refused to give details of the weapon "for security reasons". Apparently they did not know that the Germans had captured scores of these guns during World War II, that they were shipped to Russia under lend-lease arrangements and that exact specifications appeared in a book, *Weapons of World War II*, published in 1947 with the help and knowledge of the U.S. Army.

Much more serious is the reluctance of defence officials to release for public study the report of a lengthy investigation of the Reserve Army by three retired military men. The public has every right to know what is in the report, because the state of the Reserve is a matter of public concern. It is common knowledge that the strength and efficiency of the Reserve are not what they should be and that a reorganization is badly needed—a knowledge obviously shared by the officials who authorized the investigation. Now the citizens of Canada should be given the full report of what the investigators found and what they suggest should be done to correct this situation—all the details, not just bits of the least embarrassing information.

Keeping the report secret cannot be justified on the ground of security. It would be a stupid agent indeed who could not, in the space of a few months, make a pretty accurate estimate of the condition of the Reserve Army. The only other reason for secrecy could be the reluctance of the Defence Department and the Army to expose inefficiency and incompetence. If any such reluctance exists, it must be immediately put aside; this is too serious a matter for private feelings to be given precedence over national interest.

Poor Performance

IT NOW seems clear that television is not Senator McCarthy's medium. As long as the Senator acted as his own producer-director, wrestling with his own plots and creating his own drama, he had a large and vociferous following. This advantage was lost when someone else took over the script-writing and direction. The Great McCarthy Hearing created considerable excitement in its opening episodes, but the interest quickly fell off. The plot grew more and more tedious and repetitive, the dialogue confusing, the acting spotty and unrehearsed. Worst of all, television viewers began to complain that McCarthy was always playing himself, a criticism that has damned far more expert screen performers than the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Strictly as a commercial proposition, the Great Hearing would hardly have sold a cake of soap or a box of detergent.

It is odd to think that Senator McCarthy may eventually come to grief, not through loose political behavior, but simply because of tight casting.

The Front Page

Economic Truth

THE RIGHT HON. G. E. Peter Thorneycroft had completed his duties at the opening ceremonies of Canada's International Trade Fair and was surveying the activities of various exhibitors when we met him. As President of Britain's Board of Trade, he felt right at home, he said; the atmosphere at the Fair was bracing, there was a challenge in the air.

Ashley & Crippen

The Rt. Hon. PETER THORNEYCROFT.

"The Board of Trade," he said, "is an old and honored part of our Government. We still have the original instructions from the Crown establishing the Board, nearly 300 years ago. Several bodies were set up during the Restoration, responsible to the Privy Council for colonies and plantations, and one of them was the ancestor of the Board. One of our big jobs now, of course, is helping to get a bigger share of North American markets for British goods. You may be tired of hearing about trade balances and the earning of dollars, but we can only spend the dollars we earn. It's a statement of basic economic truth to say that our situation is not good enough. We're not selling enough to Canada. If we sell more to you, we can buy more from you—and we can be pretty good customers."

His gaze kept wandering over the exhibits. "The war made a radical change in trade patterns," he said, "but former North American customers of the United Kingdom who were forced by the war to concentrate their buying in North America might very well look around now to see if there isn't a good source of supply on our side of the Atlantic. It could be good business. So could British investment in Canada—but you can't invest a deficit, which is the way our trade stands now. The St. Lawrence Seaway will encourage British firms to establish branch offices here, especially in the Great Lakes region. Our ships will be going through the Seaway, but I couldn't guess in what numbers—I draw all my information about that from a taxi-driver who assured me that a remarkably high percentage, I think it was 75 or 80 per cent, of our ships will be able to sail up to the lakes."

What about rumors of an election in Britain? There were always rumors, he suggested, but the question reminded him that he also has "the ordinary job of a member of Parliament". "My riding is right next door to Aneurin Bevan's," he said. "Thank goodness it's a little more conservative than his." Then he headed in the direction of the British exhibit.

The Divorce Mess

THE TALE of the ladder that apparently was specially designed for window-peeking would have made uproarious comedy if it had been told anywhere but in the Parliament of Canada. But it made a pretty sickly joke in the Commons. It was, rather, a wry revelation of the senseless, cynical procedure whereby Parliament is forced to waste the nation's time and money by turning itself into a divorce mill for the convenience of two of the ten provinces—more than a waste, actually, because the assembly-line speed with which the divorce bills are handled makes a mockery of justice and a farce of law.

Some senators have protested that, in their committee, they give each divorce bill brought before them a thorough examination before sending it along to the Commons, and undoubtedly they work with industry and good faith. But let us consider Bill No. 434, wherein the strange tale of the ladder was embedded. According to the evidence, this ladder had been placed against the north side of a house, to enable two investigators to peek into a bedroom window; it was an amazing ladder, wide enough and long enough not only to enable the peepers to climb it more or less entwined ("sometimes maybe he was a few inches higher than me

The Front Page

and sometimes maybe I was higher than him"), but to provide a third investigator with a view of the proceedings from the south side of the house, in the dark.

Because of the alertness of CCF members of the Commons, Bill No. 434 was referred back for more thought about the investigators and their remarkable ladder. But how many similar strange tales could have been found among the hundreds of bills ground through the parliamentary divorce mill each year?

This is only one small illustration of the way the time of Federal legislators is taken up with a messy job that could be done far more efficiently and wisely by the courts, whose duty it is to weigh evidence and dispense justice in such matters. The time is long overdue when Parliament should be relieved of its sorry task of "giving relief" to the unhappily married in Quebec and Newfoundland. Stanley Knowles (CCF, Winnipeg North Centre) has fought long and well to have the divorce cases from the two provinces referred to the Exchequer Court of Canada, and he now suggests that the bill embodying his proposal be called, "An Act for the Relief of Parliament". Anyone with regard for the dignity and good name of Parliament will agree with Mr. Knowles's bill and its title.

Eternal Search

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of Canada heard an appeal the other day from Dr. William Rowan, Professor of Zoology at the University of Saskatchewan. Dr. Rowan asked for "unbiased speakers" who would look at the world "objectively" and show the public the "unvarnished scientific truth"—a noble request but one, we fear, beyond human power to answer. In some distant age men may discover wonderful things like objectivity and scientific truth, but in the present one can only dream of such a golden time; indeed, when the world ends, "not with a bang but a whimper", the last querulous sound in the dead dusty air may well be the echo of a voice asking "What is truth?"

Preventive War

ONCE AGAIN, some of the people on our side have been goaded, by anger at new Communist encroachments, by alarm over the appearance of the first Soviet intercontinental jet bomber, and by frustration in dealing with weak or hesitant allies, into calling for a "preventive" atomic strike which will "settle the thing once and for all". Admiral Carney, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, declared the other day that we are approaching a fork in the road at high speed, and haven't much time left to decide whether to take the one branch, which leads to ephemeral negotiations and ultimate disaster, or the other, "which offers us a good destination if we have got the guts and the strength to manage it".

This line has been taken up by the Alsop brothers, and presented very bluntly by John Cowles, the publisher of *Look* magazine and president of the Harvard Alumni. Their general argument is that the military balance of power is shifting rapidly against us and we must soon choose between a "preventive war" and a "war of desperation".

This course, we believe, would be as impractical on political and military grounds as it is inadmissible on moral grounds.

It is fully admitted in Western military

Wide-World

ADMIRAL ROBERT B. CARNEY.

circles that whichever side may strike first with atomic bombs, it must face almost instant retaliation in kind. Further, any attempt at a preventive blow would almost certainly cost the United States the support of its allies.

Finally, there is the constitutional question. Could a preventive war really be launched without the consent of Congress and the backing of the press and people? True, President Truman sent American forces into Korea without first asking Congress. But he was sending only a small part of the U.S. armed forces against what was considered the insignificant military power of North Korea. A preventive war against the Soviet bloc would be a very different thing; for in case the "preventive" gimmick went wrong, the whole military power of the United States would have to be mobilized, and hostilities anticipated from Bavaria to Okinawa, from Alaska to Guatemala. It just couldn't be done secretly; it couldn't be done without Congress; and all it would do would be to make certain a Soviet "preventive" blow.

Mechanical Sniffer

A FOX-HUNTING man we know likes to say that if he could just find a dog whose sense of smell was as highly developed as his wife's, his success in the field would be assured. Varying degrees of sensitivity to smells is something we have always taken for granted—and as a good thing, too. Certainly the *parfumiers* have done handsomely because of it. But apparently the human nose is none too reliable and down at the University of California the scientists have taken one more step in the transference of human sensibilities to the machine. There Dr. Lionel Farber of the Medical Centre has perfected a laboratory nose, which sniffs anything and grades it according to smell. Such a mechanical nose is a necessity, apparently, not only to grade the degree of spoilage in food and to tell when fruit is ripe for canning or eating, but because the human nose is subject to limitations of personal opinion and olfactory fatigue. There is one consolation in this latest triumph of the machine over man, however. The laboratory nose tells only how much odor is present; whether the odor is good or bad must still, like all moral judgments, be determined by the human agency.

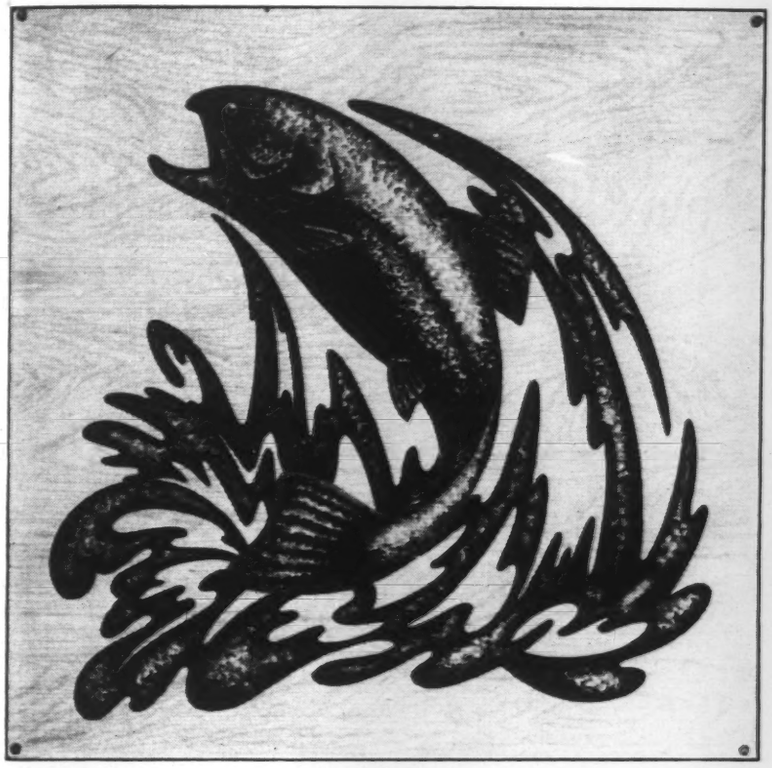
Travel with Music (*Cover Story*)

NEXT WEEK Sir Ernest MacMillan will be conducting the Victoria Symphony Orchestra in a series of concerts. Last month he was adjudicating at the New Brunswick Music Festival in St. John and talking to various Canadian Clubs in the Maritimes about Canadian music. Sir Ernest gets about, and wherever he goes, there is music about, no matter what the expressed purpose of his travelling may be. His visit to the West Coast, for example, is officially a holiday, but after the engagements in Victoria, he will be in Vancouver for two concerts in July.

Last week he was in his Toronto home, working on a book, which will appear probably early next year, prepared under the auspices of the Canadian Music Council and published by the University of Toronto Press. It will likely be called *Music in Canada*, and every phase of the subject will be dealt with in contributions by 16 or 17 persons prominent in Canadian music. "A book of 300 pages can't completely cover the field, of course, but it will help," he told us. "It will have an introduction by the Governor General, and will cover such things as choral, background, church and chamber music, competitive festivals, music in broadcasting, orchestras, development of artists and so on."

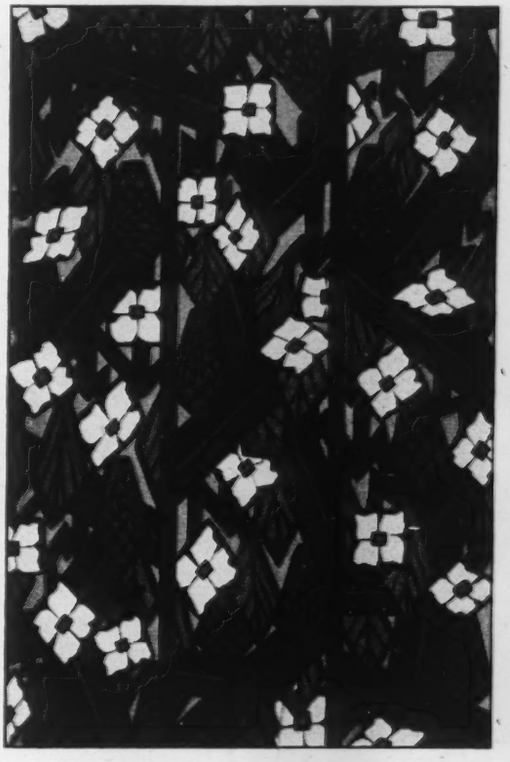
Canadian Arts and Crafts In Commerce

Native Themes Decorate British Columbia Office Building



HAND-HAMMERED COPPER PLAQUE OF STEEL-HEAD TROUT

Plaques of famed British Columbia game fish are incorporated in the unique interior design of a new Vancouver office building. Open this week, the British American Oil Company's BC headquarters celebrates West Coast themes. Local artists and craftsmen worked closely with art director Thor Hansen to guarantee authenticity. Vancouver metalsmith, J. Christiansen, hammered the plaques of game fish.



LINOLEUM CARVING BY THOR HANSEN

Wood-carving, ceramics, tapestries, embroidery and paintings decorate the BA Building. Native materials and motifs were used throughout. This linoleum panel is six by nine feet and its pattern weaves together West Coast flora: Dogwood, Douglas Fir, Pine and Sitka Spruce.

TOTEM RAVEN

Indian heraldic totem designs were carefully followed in the pattern of ceramic tiles done by the British Columbia potter, D. L. M. Lambert.

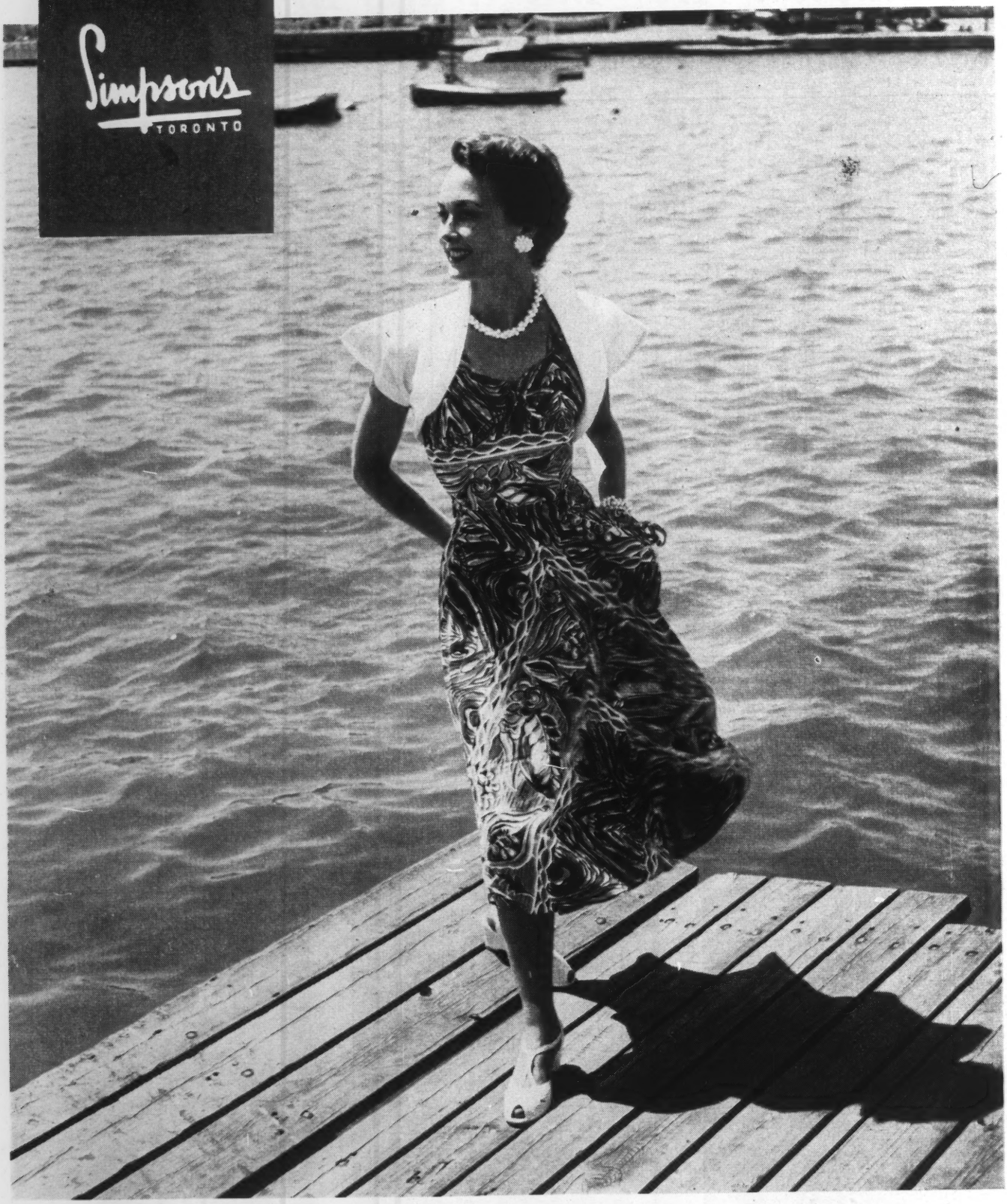
TOTEM EAGLE

Traditions of West Coast symbolism were carefully followed. Ellen Neel, niece of the famed Indian wood-carver Mungo Martin, did wood carvings.

TOTEM BEAVER

A large totem composed of tiles decorates the main floor of the Vancouver building. The beaver was chosen as a theme suited to Canadian industry.

Simpson's
TORONTO



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A Fondness For Earls Plain and Fancy

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A CRITIC, with whose name I will not sully my typewriter, was giving me the sleeve across the windpipe the other day for including so many members of the Peerage in the casts of characters of my books. Specifically, he accused me of an undue fondness for Earls.

Well, of course, now that I come to tot up the score, I realize that in the course of my literary career I have featured quite a number of these fauna, but as I often say . . . well, perhaps once a fortnight . . . Why not? I see no objection to Earls. A most respectable class of men they seem to me. And one admires their spirit. I mean, while some, of course, have come up the easy way, many have had the dickens of a struggle, starting at the bottom of the ladder as mere Hons., having to go in to dinner after the Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and all that sort of thing. (Hons. are also allowed to stand at the bar of the House of Lords, but I am glad to say that few of them do this. They know that a man seldom gets very far if he spends his time hanging about bars.)

Show me the Hon. who by pluck and determination has raised himself from the depths, step by step till he becomes entitled to keep a coronet on the hat peg in the downstairs cupboard, and I will show you a man of whom any author might be proud to write.

Earls on the whole have made a very good showing in fiction. With Baronets setting them a bad example by being almost uniformly steeped in crime, they have preserved a gratifyingly high standard of behavior. There is seldom anything wrong with the Earl in fiction, if you don't mind a touch of haughtiness and a tendency to have heavy eyebrows and to draw them together in a formidable frown, like the one in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. And in real life I can think of almost no Earls whose hearts were not as pure and fair as those of dwellers in the lowlier air of Seven Dials.

Oh, yes. Earl Carroll. He caused a lot of talk in New York some years ago by giving a party at which a girl took a bath in champagne with, if I have the story rightly, not so much as a Bikini bathing-suit on. But he was not a member of the Peerage; he was a theatrical producer. (That is a thing you have to be careful of in North America. Earl is a Christian name.)

Our literature, lacking Earls, would have been a great deal poorer. Shakespeare would have been lost without them. Everyone who has written for the theatre knows how difficult it is to get people off the stage unless you can think of a good exit speech. That is why, as you pass through Bloomsbury and other literary quarters, you see haggard men wandering about and sticking straws in their hair as they mutter:

"Life, dear lady, . . ."

"Life, dear lady, is like . . ."

"Dear lady, I have but two objections to life. One is that it . . ."

Than which nothing is sadder.

Shakespeare had no such problem. With more Earls than he knew what to do with, he was on velvet. One need only quote those well-known lines from his *Henry the Seventh, Part One*:

My lord of Sydenham, bear our royal word
To Brixton's Earl, the Earl of Wormwood Scrubbs,
Our faithful liege, the Earl of Dulwich (East),
And those of Beckenham, Penge and Peckham Rye,
Together with the Earl of Hampton Wick:
Bid them to haste like cats when struck with brick,
For they are needed in our battle line,
And stitch in time doth ever save full nine.

(Exeunt Omnes. Trumpets and hautboys.)

"Pie!" Shakespeare used to say to Burbage as he slapped the stuff down, and Burbage would agree that Shakespeare earned his money easily.

A THING about Earls I have never understood, and never liked to ask anyone for fear of betraying my ignorance, is why one Earl is the Earl of Whoosis and another Earl just Earl Smith. I always think Earl Smith sounds a bit abrupt, almost like a nickname. I have an idea—I may be wrong—that the "of" boys have a slight social edge on the others, like the aristocrats in Germany who are able to call themselves "Von". One can picture the Earl of Brighton being introduced to Earl Hove at a cocktail party. The host says, "Oh, Percy, I want you to meet Earl Hove", and hurries away to attend to his other guests. There is a brief interval during which the two agree that this is the rottenest party they were ever at and possibly exchange a remark or two about the weather; then the Earl of Brighton speaks:

"I didn't quite get the name. Earl of Hove, did he say?"

"No, just Earl Hove."

My lord of Brighton blinks as if he had been struck between the eyes with a wet fish. A coldness creeps into his manner.

"You mean *plain* Earl Hove?"

"That's right."

"No 'of'?"

"No, no 'of'."

"Good God!"

There is a tense silence. You can see the Earl of Brighton's lip curling.

"Ah, well," he says at length, "it takes all sorts to make a world, does it not?" and Earl Hove slinks off with his ears pinned back and drinks far too many martinis in the hope of restoring his self-respect. Practically all the Earls who are thrown sobbing out of cocktail parties are non-ofs. They can't take it, poor devils.

I don't think I have much more to say on this subject, though I know you would gladly have me ramble on for ever. I will merely add that in certain parts of America—notably Brooklyn—if the resident wishes to attract the attention of a visiting Earl, he shouts "Hey, Oil!".

Wide World
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE would have been lost without earls.

Letter from New York

Some Light Amidst Much Confusion

By Anthony West

SO THERE HAVE BEEN few happier events in recent American history than the Supreme Court's decision in the batch of segregation cases that came up before it last month. After 36 years of standing by the "separate but equal" hypocrisy, the Court reversed its classic decision and adopted unanimously the view previously put forward by a single justice in a dissenting opinion. The dissent then put forward was a fine boney piece of Yankee writing with the literate commonsense of the founding fathers behind it; in a way it is a more impressive declaration than the unanimous opinion handed down the other day. But the point is that the extreme minority view, the radical view, of 36 years ago has come to be the majority view and that it has massive public support throughout the Union, the South included. The worst blot on the constitution has been scheduled for treatment by the consent of all but a few diehards.

Good news of this kind was badly needed, as the fuller implications of the McCarthy hearings became obvious to everybody. Earlier it was possible to pretend that there was some propriety about what was going on. The Army had brought charges against Senator McCarthy and his associates, and Senator McCarthy and Cohn and Carr had brought charges against the Army, and a Senate Committee was investigating where the truth lay. It looked almost all right until the members of the Senate Committee started bobbing up in their places to swear each other in as witnesses. Senator Everett M. "Soapy Sam" Dirksen of Illinois was a leading supporter of Taft at the Chicago Convention that chose Eisenhower for Republican presidential candidate and he was outmanoeuvred and outfought in a humiliating fashion on that occasion. Since President Eisenhower has been inaugurated, "Soapy Sam" has been fighting him hard mainly over the question of appointees and patronage. Eisenhower is a fanatical believer in The American Business Man and he has drawn heavily on business for appointments to Government jobs. Senator Dirksen belongs to the older Republican school which considers that government jobs are the prizes that should go to deserving party workers and he has been outraged by Eisenhower's policy. The Secretary of the Army, Robert Stevens, is a typical Eisenhower appointee, a good Republican in the sense of being a contributor to party funds and so forth, but in no sense a machine man; that is to say that he is the embodiment of what the senator objects to in the new administration.

It was no surprise to anyone when Senator Dirksen rose in his place, swore to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and in bland and unctuous tones delivered a statement calculated to damage the credibility and to raise doubts about the motives of the Army's Counsel, John G. Adams, and to embarrass the Secretary of the Army. Joseph Welch, the Secretary's Counsel, made "Soapy Sam" look very bad in a brief cross-examination that followed his statement. But he made him look bad only in the eyes of the public and the spectators in the caucus room. Dirksen is a member of the Republican majority on the Committee conducting the hearings and he will, naturally, play an important role in drawing up their report.

EARL WARREN, Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court: The rational commonsense of the decision came as a tonic.

When his turn was over, the ball passed to Senator Mundt of South Dakota, the Acting Chairman of the Committee, whose complete inability to prevent Committee members, counsel, and witnesses from rambling off into irrelevancies at will has done so much to make the hearings an interminable confusion. Before Mundt gave his testimony he laid aside the good-looking briar pipe that he has puffed so frequently during the hearings. All that morning he had been gesturing with it in Mr. Adams's direction as he tried his hardest to get him to withdraw the Army's charges against Frank Carr, the Chief investigator for the Committee, a former FBI man. This pipe was a gift to Senator Mundt from Senator McCarthy's crony, David Schine.

It was again not very surprising that Senator Mundt's statement was calculated to put Mr. Adams's conduct in a doubtful light, but the line he took in pressing Mr. Adams to withdraw his charges against Mr. Carr was somewhat surprising.

Mr. Carr was present as a silent witness at most of the meetings when Mr. Cohn and Senator McCarthy threatened, cajoled and bullied Mr. Adams or Secretary Stevens, and one of his few active moments was when he suggested that Mr. Adams have a little talk with a columnist called George Sokolsky. Mr. Adams saw Sokolsky who proposed a deal: soft jobs in the army for David Schine in exchange for a soft passage for the army in front of the committee. "And is that all you have against Mr. Carr?" asked Senator Mundt again and again; "Are you not able to charge him with any impropriety?" It became clear as this line of questioning was pursued that Senator Mundt must have acquired in the rough and tumble of South Dakota politics some remarkably liberal views on what is and is not proper.

The employment of Mr. Carr by the Committee is in itself a rather questionable point, although it has not been much discussed. Mr. Carr, as an employee of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was a member of the Executive Branch, and of its law enforcement section. He was quite simply seduced by the urgings of Roy Cohn and Senator McCarthy, and apparently by the greater freedom allowed to a free-wheeling investigating committee with undefined powers, to move over from the Executive to the Legislative Branch. As a responsible member of the FBI he had a considerable acquaintance with files of a secret nature. It may be that he cleansed his mind of all information that he should not disclose to outsiders when he left the department, and it may be that he did not. There is a possibility that Senator McCarthy's evident penchant for employing former FBI men has as much to do with their retentive memories as it has with their other qualifications.

Even if that is not so, one may wonder about Mr. Carr's conceptions of propriety. He sat close to Senator McCarthy with an impassive face and body, but with restless

eyes, while a faked photograph, doctored by another former FBI man, was produced and he made no gesture of repudiation when it became a focal point of cross-examination. He sat by with the same calm when his chief introduced a letter, which, if genuine, was stolen from a secret file, and which bore all the earmarks of a forgery.

It was evident to any spectator in the caucus room that Mr. Carr, Mr. Cohn, and Senator McCarthy are in the closest possible association, and when one saw the acting chairman of the Committee going to extreme lengths to get Mr. Carr out of the case before he got onto the witness stand, it was impossible not to conclude that the Army had not the shadow of a chance of a fair hearing.

The Army's case trimmed of its superficialities is quite simply that the Committee, under the chairmanship of Senator McCarthy, stepped over the boundaries separating the three branches of the Government, and that in taking to itself judicial powers it has overrun functions of both the judicial and the executive branches. It is a delicate constitutional question, which deserves the most dispassionate and impartial consideration. It is being considered by the Committee which has abused its powers, and the jurors—in effect—are the Committee members whose derelictions of duty allowed the chairman to run the Committee off the track. The Committee has engaged as its special counsel, whose function is in part that of a judge in the case, a criminal lawyer whose ignorance of constitutional matters is so complete that he is apparently under the impression that Senator McCarthy is a law enforcement officer.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if a worse way of settling vital constitutional issues has ever been contrived and most Americans are profoundly shocked by the inefficiency and disorder of the proceedings. The rational commonsense of the Supreme Court decision came as a tonic to them and as a welcome reminder of the place of law and justice in the great American tradition.

As the wrangle goes on in the caucus room the McCarthy bogey diminishes and the Senator assumes his place in history alongside such people as Huey Long and The Man Bilbo and the other exploiters of the lunatic fringe who from time to time discover weak spots in the American system and in the long run brace the public to the necessity of defending it and reforming it.

There is no doubt now that the present squalid proceedings will unite both parties in bringing about a drastic revision of the system of granting free hunting licences to Senate Investigating Committees, and a salutary reorganization of the relations between the Executive and the Legislative branches of the Government.

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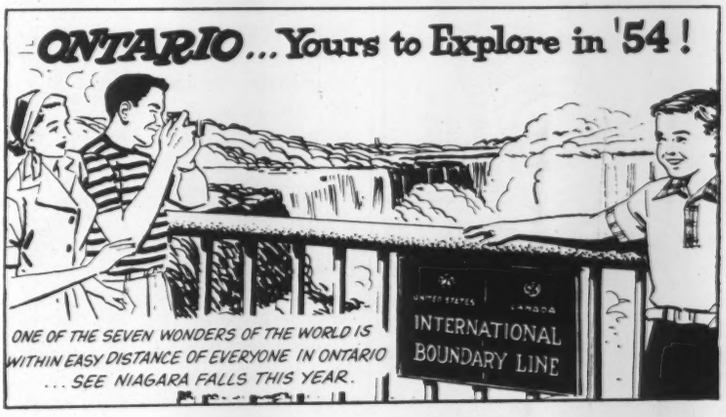
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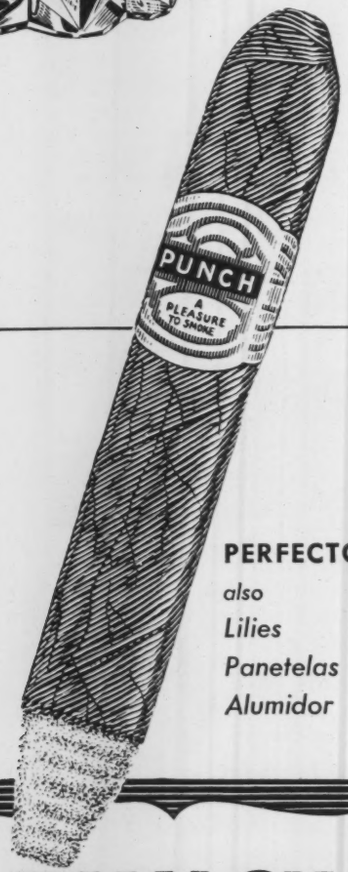

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Foreign Affairs

Drawing A Line

By Willson Woodside

THIS is a very sticky moment to write about the Indo-China situation, since the talks in Geneva are expected to reach the decisive stage just about the time this reaches the reader. It is difficult to determine as yet whether the Communist side will be impressed by the Western military talks which have now begun in Washington and will decide to take what it can safely get now, or whether its appetite will be so whetted by its victories in the field and the confusion reigning in Paris that it will agree to no truce terms that our side could accept.

The haggling at Geneva over where the truce line shall be drawn and who shall supervise it is by no means a petty affair, but it may obscure the big situation. The main elements of this situation seem to me to be the following. The Vietminh is pressing its attack, and in the coming weeks Hanoi and the whole delta area will be in peril. The Government will fall in Paris, and its successor will reflect the defeatist attitude of the Assembly. A true South East Asia defence pact cannot be arranged within many months and, if it is formed, will be far from as clear-cut and efficient an organization as NATO.

Miller Services

BACK FROM S.E. ASIA: U.S. Defence Secretary Wilson sees the problem as "More political than military".

The effort which some of the Western nations might like to put into a SEATO will be weakened by the need to bolster and perhaps reorganize the European end of NATO. This will be necessary whether France refuses altogether to join a European Army, and thus permit the addition of German strength to the Western front, or whether she "accepts" the EDC but stalls on bringing it into being, in her present weakened condition. We not only have to bolster a politically unstable and economically stagnant France, facing most serious trouble in North Africa, but also to contain a Germany which grows stronger and more restive month by month.

We must assume that the Soviets see this overall picture, and perhaps see it as even more sombre than I have painted it, and will try to arrange a truce in Indo-China so that it will leave the situation as confused as possible and to be exploited to the full later on. The British and Americans, for their part, now wish to use the truce negotiations to draw as clear a line as possible through Indo-China, a line which a SEATO defence organization can make the formal frontier of the free world in this region.

The French are believed to have come reluctantly, and still privately, in face of their weakened position in the north and the disinclination of the Americans and other potential allies to pin troops down—perhaps for years, as in Korea—in a perimeter defence of the Red River delta, to a readiness to give up all of Tonkin China and pull out their long-settled civilians as well as their troops and their Vietnam allies. The latter, the non-Communist nationalists, are bitterly against any *de facto* partition of their country.

Molotov is with them on this. He has stated categorically his opposition to partition and declared that this is something on which the whole conference seems to be agreed. So we find the Communist spokesmen favoring the original French proposal, made in the Assembly by Premier Laniel in March, of "regroupment areas" all through Vietnam, to which the regular forces of both sides would retire their inactivity or their removal supervised by a neutral commission.

However, there are two particular bugs in this plan. In the north, the French and Vietnamese would have to be allowed the Red River delta area as their regroupment

area. This would leave open the possibility that the Americans and perhaps others might change their minds and decide after all to intervene in Tonkin China. To obviate this, the Vietminh are bound to continue their offensive and try to *force* the French to pull out of the North to avert disaster.

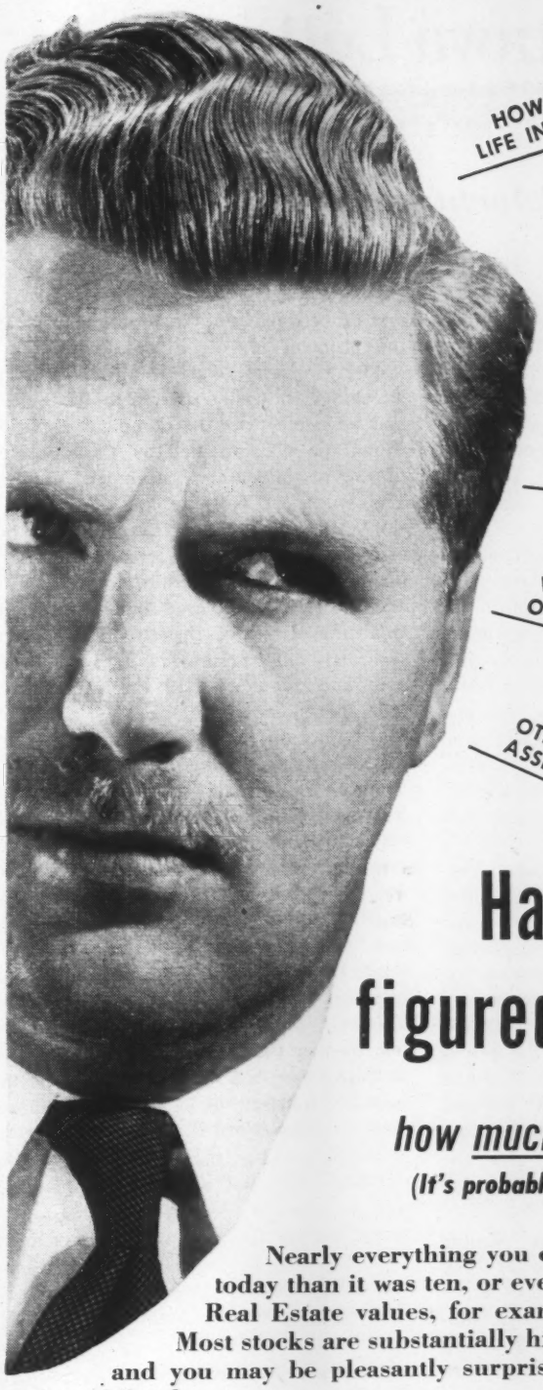
The second bug is the Communist insistence that a neutral commission is one made up of two Western or Asian neutral countries, like Switzerland and India, and two Communist "neutral" countries, like Poland and Czechoslovakia. These latter two, along with Sweden and Switzerland, make up the Korean Armistice Commission, and the Swedish member recently described its supervision of North Korea as "a complete farce".

The truce is only maintained in Korea because of the clearly-defined and rather short battle line along which the forces face each other, and the fact that there were few guerrillas. In Indo-China by far the greater part of the enemy forces is made up of guerrillas, and they are spread all through Vietnam. Thousands of them are known to be right inside the main cities of Hanoi and Saigon, ready and armed. Tens of thousands have systematically infiltrated the Red River delta, and already hold the majority of the several thousand villages there.

Any truce supervised under these conditions by a half-Communist commission would be a far greater farce than that in Korea.

This is what the Communists are tempted to play for. Their "plan" would ensure confusion and the spread of terror among that part of the population which is still resisting Communism. We are seeking clarity and stability. We seem now to be ready to give up the northern half of Vietnam, but only if a clear line is drawn to mark the Communist border, and if Laos and Cambodia are specifically left outside that border. And, by an inspired move, we have asked that this truce line be supervised by the "Colombo powers", the free South-East Asian nations which lately met in Colombo: India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia. The Indians seem to be willing to undertake this role, as they served in Korea, and this is considered vital by British policy to the development, in due course, of an effective regional defence pact.

Such seems to be the situation. Northern Indo-China is slipping away. The Americans don't want to throw troops into a long holding-action there, and the British are emphatically against immediate intervention. The building of a regional pact that would have really effective Asian participation is going to take time. But the excitement is slackening off in Washington, and cooler heads are now seeking the place to draw the line which can be made the free world frontier in South East Asia.



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Ottawa Letter

Much Reluctance on Reform

By John A. Stevenson

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS still ambles along towards the goal of prorogation. Optimists now talk of achieving it by June 19, but the CCF says that, if the Cabinet brings down at the last minute proposals for reforming the procedure of the Commons, to which it is pledged, they will organize a filibuster and keep the House in session till July.

Meanwhile a substantial contingent of members, chiefly from Ontario and Quebec, has not been giving the country fair value for the increased remuneration. These members have acquired the English liking for long week-ends and as a result the attendance in the session at the end of each week has been disgracefully thin. In one division recently only 132 out of the 265 members cast their votes and on the following day another division saw the number voting sink to 129.

In the daily program of business, estimates have been interspersed with legislation and some progress has been made. Mr. Howe, with the support of all parties, got the final approval of the House for a bill that reorganizes the arrangements for the control and development of atomic energy. Measures that tighten the provisions of the Narcotic and Drugs Act and provide allowances for disabled persons have passed their second reading, and Mr. Abbott secured acceptance for the amendments to the Bank of Canada Act and the Quebec Savings Bank Act.

Then, early in June, when sleuths among the CCF discovered what they thought was fabricated evidence in a divorce case, they mobilized enough support from all the other parties, including some Liberals, to frustrate by three votes the effort of one Quebec petitioner to escape from his marital ties.

There was also an interesting debate on the hoary subject of the reform of the Senate, initiated by Mr. Drew, who in a brief and temperate speech made out a compelling case. Avowing himself a firm believer in a bicameral parliamentary system, he argued that the Government's efficiency was now impaired because the Senate, in which the opposition has been reduced to a feeble rump of seven members, some of them confirmed invalids, was unable to perform properly the functions assigned to it. He quoted various pledges about Senate reform given by the late Mackenzie King, when the situation was much less farcical than it is today, and he besought the Government to tackle the problem.

Mr. Coldwell, who followed, saw no advantage in trying to reform the Senate and advocated that its complete abolition should be accompanied by the adoption of the parliamentary system of Norway. The voters of Norway, he said, elect a single chamber called the Storting, but after its members are elected, a fourth of them is chosen to constitute the Lagting and the remaining three-fourths form the Odelsting. Each of the two Tings meets separately and nominates its own President and Secretary and the presence of half the members of each is necessary for a quorum. Every bill must be introduced in the Odelsting either by a Minister or private member and, when it is passed, it is sent to the Lagting, which either approves or rejects it with comments appended. If a bill passed by the Odelsting is twice rejected by the Lagting, then the whole Storting meets in joint session and, if a majority of two-thirds favors the bill, it becomes law after receiving the King's assent. Here, said Mr. Coldwell, is a modern democracy, with one elected Parliament, divided into two sections, one of which undertakes the primary function of our Senate, the review of legislation.

But Solon Low, the leader of the Social Crediters, felt that a plan, which worked well in a unitary state like Norway, was unsuitable for Canada, where the problem of protecting provincial rights was involved, and so he favored reform of the Senate rather than its abolition.

THERE was a problem of obvious urgency before the House. But, when John Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) made an explicit demand for some account of the Cabinet's views on the subject, all he could extract from Prime Minister St. Laurent was the chill observation, "They will be expressed by action". There was no hint that his mind had moved an inch forward from a statement made at the beginning of February, which Mr. Drew had recalled: "I have heard certain modifications suggested about the way in which appointments to or summons to the Senate might be made. But, quite frankly, Mr. Speaker, I have never heard one which did not bristle with more obstacles than promises of advantages to the Canadian public."

M. J. COLDWELL: Likes Norway's system.

For this abdication of the functions of leadership the Prime Minister must bear the chief responsibility and his character and record promise to provide a puzzle to future historians. In many respects he is the most attractive and creditable politician that the French-Canadian race has produced since Laurier faded from the stage and he enjoys the respect of the whole country as a disinterested public servant and even commands considerable affection from his political opponents. But men who have risen to high office and great responsibilities have almost invariably been spurred on by personal ambition for power or by a consuming zeal to accomplish reforms that they deemed essential for the welfare of their country and they have learnt to exercise industrious vigor and discerning judgment for the achievement of their aims.

But neither ambition nor reforming zeal brought Mr. St. Laurent into politics; his ambition had been satisfied by the leadership of the Bar of Quebec, which he left with great reluctance and from a sense of public duty, when Mr. King had to find a French-Canadian of ability and distinction to replace Mr. Lapointe as his chief lieutenant in Quebec. He had never previously taken any active part in politics and, since he had never engaged in any work of public administration, he was without any real insight into social and economic problems and therefore had no inspiration for contributing to their solution. However, his legal abilities and experience made him a very competent Minister of Justice and, when he became Secretary for External Affairs, his genuinely liberal outlook on international problems enabled him to perform a valuable service by converting many French-Canadians from their isolationist creed.

Since he assumed the office of Prime

Minister, he has been very conscientious and dignified in the performance of his formal duties as leader of the House of Commons and has, except on rare occasions, been fair to his opponents. But otherwise his role has been mainly passive and negative and he seems to lack that "plain good intent" to promote intelligent reforms, which Edmund Burke rated above all other qualities in statesmen. If any of his Ministers are ardent for reforms, he will give their case a hearing and, when it does not offend his highly conservative instincts, he will permit them to go ahead with the necessary legislation. But he seems to be profoundly sceptical about the results of any particular legislative or administrative action and convinced that policies cannot be made, but must be left to grow of themselves and that the supreme business of a government is to stay in office. This type of leadership is poles asunder from the great traditions of Liberalism.

When the estimates for the International Shortwave Broadcasting service of the CBC came up for discussion, the Progressive Conservative party, whose chief spokesmen were Donald Fleming (Toronto, Eglinton) and J. M. Macdonnell (Toronto, Greenwood) combined with the Social Crediters, whose views were voiced by E. G. Hansell (Macleod, Alta.) and J. H. Blackmore (Lethbridge, Alta.) in a forthright attack upon the policies of the CBC. They gave abundant reasons for their lack of faith in the fairness and wisdom of its policies and advocated the establishment of an authority similar to the Board of Transport Commissioners, which would assume the regulatory powers now exercised by the CBC over privately-owned radio and television stations, which are the CBC's competitors. Dr. McCann, the minister of National Revenue, made a rather labored defence of the existing system, but he secured the backing of Mr. Coldwell and other members of the CCF who held that broadcasting and television were natural objects of monopoly and should therefore be kept under public control.

•

Provincial Abroad

Since travel broadens, to remote
Geography she goes by boat
Or plane or camel-back to gaze
On Natives and their Native ways.
Wherefore, their clothing and batiks,
Their manners, babies, mountain peaks,
Their people, mendicant to saint,
She eyes with interest . . . so quaint!. . .
But from a distance. She'd not stoop
To *mix* with all that foreign troop!
It never would occur to her
That she could be the foreigner.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Television

Ad Lib, News and Tabloid

By Hugh Garner

AS FAR AS CANADIAN television fare in our house is concerned, the most popular time of the day is between 6.30 and 7.30 every weekday evening. We are not as rabid fans of Ad and Lib, between 6.30 and 6.45, as we were of Uncle Chichimus, which they replaced, but we occasionally watch the show. On a typical evening, Larry Mann and Joe Austin (Lib and Ad respectively) were taking an airplane trip from their home town to the big city. The plane trip ended when they first had to jettison their baggage to lighten the load and then themselves by parachute because the stewardess informed them that if they did not the plane was in danger of crashing.

At first glance this does not seem to be much to hang fifteen minutes of comedy on, but it can be done. A couple of top-flight comics could have made much more of the situation than Mann and Austin did, but, compared with the majority of Canadian comedians, this pair did very well indeed. Joe Austin looks like a reincarnation of Chester Conklin and plays his lines with the straight naiveté of a born funnyman. Larry Mann, on the other hand, has a much more difficult chore, as he plays with a minimum of make-up and has to rely on facial expression alone to carry the character. I find them better than most Canadian "comedy" teams, and the teleratings seem to bear me out in this.

Gilbert A. Milne

DICK MacDOUGAL: Interesting, casual and often amusing.

The CBC Television News, which follows at 6.45, is something else again. The CBC radio around these parts has always been notorious for its poor newscasts, and this defect has been carried over into TV.

Larry Henderson, the news announcer over the Canadian television network, has all the fire and enthusiasm of a guy telling his boss that he was drunk the night before. But perhaps I should be more tolerant of Mr. Henderson, for a newscaster is only as effective as his material, and his material is the worst-written of any newscaster's anywhere. If there is a cliché loose, the CBC-TV news staff will go to fantastic lengths to ferret it out, and if there are any geographical or topical errors to be found, they will find them. Henderson's straight reading of the news is helped immeasurably by some fine cartoon interjections.

At 7.00 o'clock one of the CBC's more worthwhile shows comes on the air for the next half hour: Tabloid. This program is never dull, and under the supervision of Ross McLean, shows plenty of originality. The MC of the show is a rotund, casual gentleman named Dick MacDougal who has been heard for years over CBC radio as its expert on hot jazz and its spinner of the more esoteric type of jazz recordings. MacDougal ties the various phases of the show together in a pleasing way, but some of his interviews with guests are casual almost to the point of boorishness. When he avoids this over-casualness he is an interesting, often amusing, interviewer and I do not think that he receives the full credit he deserves for the popularity of the show.

The person who does receive a lot of credit, including magazine biographies and other forms of popular acclaim, is a meteorologist named Percy Saltzman, who draws the Canadian weather picture on a huge blackboard at the beginning of every show. Without a doubt he gives the most interesting, and accurate, weather account of anybody on TV, either in Canada or the United States, but in my opinion his job on the show should end there. His humor is forced and in many of his caperings around the set after he has finished his weather stint he gives the impression of a small boy trying to get into every picture. If he would suppress this tendency to be a second master-of-ceremonies he would be more effective as a television personality.

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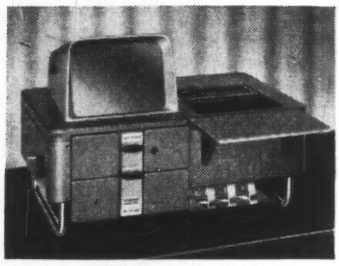

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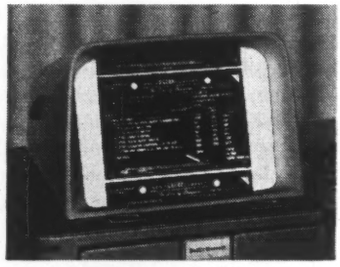

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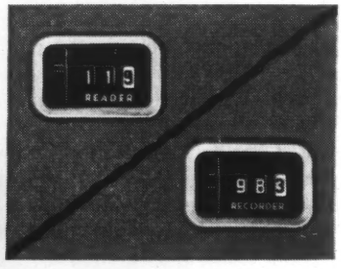

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Books

Control Your Nostalgia

By Robertson Davies

IT IS DEMONSTRABLY TRUE that life in almost any bygone age possessed charms which are lacking in life today; romantic historians have proved it over and over again, and many people who are disenchanted with the present like to talk about it. But a sober look at any period in the past, and an examination of the day-to-day and hour-to-hour details of ordinary existence then, is usually enough to make us contented with the twentieth century, miserable though it is in many respects. Two books are at hand which I recommend to people who think of the 125 years previous to 1900 as an era of special enchantment; they are *The Old Country Store* by Gerald Carson, and *Stories on Stone*, by Charles L. Wallis. the subject of the first is clear, and the latter is a collection of American epitaphs.

Let us look at the epitaphs first. These are graven tributes of special interest to be found in many old churchyards and cemeteries, but they are not as common as some people suppose. I have searched for them myself, at various times, and it has been my experience that for one epitaph which has humor, or true poetry, or special pathos, you must read 250 which are commonplace. But greater individuality used to be shown in epitaphs than is now the case, and Mr. Wallis has gathered some fine specimens. Because we often tend to be facetious about death (to put the Grim Reaper in his place, so to speak) we open a book of this kind hoping for a great many funny epitaphs; but Mr. Wallis has made his selection on excellent principles, and although some of his inclusions are amusing, the majority are interesting because they were meant with the utmost seriousness, and even when the expression is quaint the depth of feeling still makes itself apparent. Lack of taste is common enough; real humorous intention is rare. The prevailing note is one of self-pity.

To say more about this book would mean quoting some of its gems, and I have neither space nor inclination for that. Let me say only that I took up the book without much notion of what I should look for in it, and when I had read it through I found that what had impressed me most was the wide divergence in manner shown by the writers of these epitaphs, and the fact that in the end few of them had found anything to say that illuminated, or softened the mystery of death; at their best these compositions are pathetic cries in the dark.

Death in the nineteenth century was like death today, though it often made its visitation earlier, and assumed forms which our day has exchanged for others. But life, and in particular the life of the trader, was a very different thing and the country store was an important institution. Keeping store was a hard and often embittering life. It must have been dangerous to the soul, too, if Lord Acton was right in his assertion that all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

To the Memory
of
Abraham Beaulieu
Born 15 September
1822
Accidentally shot
4th April 1844
As a mark of affection
from his brother

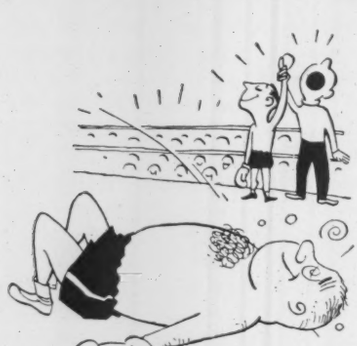
From the jacket of "Stories on Stone".
THE EPITAPHS were meant with the utmost seriousness.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and virtually all of the nineteenth, a country storekeeper was likely to be the chief financial force in his district. If he had any competition at all, it was a sign that his settlement could well afford to support two of his kind; he knew everybody's financial status to within a few dollars; he "carried" his rural customers on a credit system which could, and often did, bring them into a form of fiscal slavery, for they were never out of debt. He was in business before the days of uniform prices and standard brands and his simple creed was to buy cheap and sell dear. He was a power in his district, and he often died a rich man. But his life must have been a hard one, all the same.

There is a persistent North American folk-belief that dwellers in rural districts are possessed of a degree of honesty, and a love of fair dealing, which are only equalled by their great industry and unimpeachable sexual chastity. How this legend began is not known, but it dies hard, and resists much evidence to the contrary. Mr. Carson has heaped up testimony about the trading habits of North American farmers which is illuminating even to those who have suspected that farmers are occasional partakers of human frailty. The country storekeeper did much of his business in barter, and his life was a long, guerrilla fight against deceitful butter, denatured cheese, equivocal eggs, hypocritical root crops, meat of historic interest and chickens which had died of athletic heart. If, in his despair, he was driven to use a 30-inch yardstick, a peck measure with a raised bottom, and a scale which allowed 12 ounces to the pound, who is to point the finger at him? He was a man whose trade forced him to look long and deeply into the darkest places of the human heart.

His store was invariably a cross-roads hangout; he might not like to have the village worthies sitting around his stove and spitting into his fire, but he had to endure it. He had to laugh when the local wits gave a turpentine enema to the store cat, or put out bread soaked in whisky for somebody's geese, or urged a dog to swallow a piece of meat on a string and then humorously retrieved the meat. He had to put up with constant raids on his cracker barrel, and incursions upon his stock of chewing tobacco. He had to know the technique of all the accomplished shoplifters in his rural Eden. He had to be able to read his price code, and interpret it in the light of his customer's credit rating. He was expected to give a discount to the clergy (and in those days almost anyone became a clergyman who could find a black tie and a top hat). But he complied with all the demands made upon him, kept a fabulous stock which included such oddities as goose-pokes and church pulpits, and succumbed at last only to the overwhelming logic of immense mail-order houses and branded goods which made short-weight and dubious quality things of the past.

The era of the country store was also the era of the drummer—the travelling salesman about whose amorous exploits so many stories are told. His was a demanding trade, for during his journeys in the hinterland he had to keep up the drummer's traditional façade of big-city sophistication; he had to know the newest "hot ones" from the East, but he had to go to church on Sundays, and show himself a solid citizen, as well; he had to have a repertoire of card tricks, but he must not be a card sharp; he had to be able to drink and to treat, but he must not be a drunkard; he had to be conspicuously well dressed, though he stayed in country inns where even hot water was an unheard-of luxury, and where he who re-



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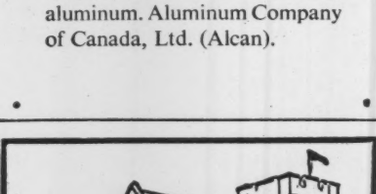

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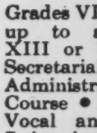

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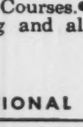

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Rev. A. E. MacKenzie, B.A., Principal
ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

moved his shirt and underclothes might catch pneumonia in the night. He had, in particular, to deal with country storekeepers, every one of whom had a special reason for demanding a discount. The modern salesman, travelling by car and train, and home at week-ends, lives a very different life. It was a group of nineteenth century drummers who, amid their tribulations, founded the Gideons.

The country storekeeper, as well as everything else that a rural district could ask, kept a large stock of patent medicines, including liquids called "obstruents" —a name no longer known to medical science. The farm population, which became debilitated after a winter of dried vegetables, fried salt pork, doughnuts and johnny-cake, could rejuvenate itself, and escape chlorosis in its more advanced form, by drinking blood-conditioners and tonics, with a strong alcohol base. Women whom untended childbirth had ravaged might feel less pain if they took frequent hookers of Lydia Pinkham's celebrated compound—which was about the alcoholic strength of a good sherry. The country storekeeper was an expert on the virtues of these cure-alls, and could often give impressive personal testimony in the case of the cathartics.

Mr. Carson's book is not simply a compilation of oddities; it is a chapter of economic history, and it provides us with a special sort of insight into the rural life of this continent during the century of its early development. This is the life which lay behind the pretty colors and facile sentiment of the Currier and Ives prints. It is not a life, I think, to which anyone would willingly return.

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE—by Gerald Carson —pp. 294, appendix, index and illustrations —*Oxford*—*$5.50.*

STORIES ON STONE—by Charles L. Wallis—pp. 251, notes and index—line engravings—*Oxford*—*$5.50.*

In Brief

BHOWANI JUNCTION — by John Masters — pp. 394—*Macmillan*—*$4.50.*

It is rather startling to read a book in which one of the main characters refers to Mahatma Gandhi as a "sanctimonious little bastard", but that is only one of the surprises due here for any reader who has not before met the Anglo-Indian (a person of mixed blood) in his native habitat. The author, an old India hand, tells their story well against the background of that time a few years ago when the British were preparing to leave India and the Indians were trying to hurry them along, sometimes by murder and sabotage. The Anglo-Indians, more British than the British and trusted by neither side, were caught in the middle.

The central story is of the choice Victoria Jones, a beautiful Anglo-Indian, tries to make between the three fates open to her—to marry an Indian and try to become one; to marry a Britisher and try to become one; or to marry another Anglo-Indian and be what she really is. The sex sometimes tends a trifle to the orgiastic, and the story is told in rather a monotone, but in general the book deserves the high place it now holds among the best-sellers.

THE WRONG WAY HOME—by Alex. T. Renck —pp. 318—*Longmans, Green*—*$4.25.*

This good novel is a throwback fifteen years or so to the literature of what the Germans were thinking about when they let Hitler vault into the saddle. Its narrator is a young German baron, a trench veteran of the First World War. On the defeated night when he returned to Berlin at the end of that war he met a nurse on the station platform, a girl who later became his mistress, and through her—after he had discarded her—he fell in with the Nazis. Through good Jewish connections (by friendship and later marriage) he helps Jews contribute financially to their own ruin. Through theirs, eventually, comes his own.

Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Hess and many other well-known Nazis are met in the book, some often, and come through well as understandable people.

WHEN THE GRASS WAS FREE—by E. F. Hagell —pp. 128, with illustrations by the author—*Ryerson*—*$3.00.*

This is a book of stories about the old Canadian West, the cowboys, horses, cattle and grass. The author rode the range himself and his brilliant illustrations, from paintings and sketches, are almost enough in themselves to make this book worth buying. He has a sure touch, with the yarning speech of the range people, a fund of funny, ironic and sometimes tragic stories, and an understanding of the basic beauty and cruelty of the prairies and foothills which is unmatched, to this reviewer's knowledge, although sometimes it has to shine through some rather roughcast prose. Both the author and the publisher must be congratulated on this addition to the gap-filled chronicle of what this nation is all about.

THE THIRD ANGEL—by Jerome Weidman—pp. 477—*Doubleday*—*$4.50.*

One of the surest ways to get entertainment value from a dollar is to spend it on a Jerome Weidman book; the author regards the human race with a sharp eye. This, his latest, concerns a Connecticut town tossed into an uproar over the proposal that the home of an admiral, a national hero killed in the war, be made a national monument. Some people aren't so sure that the admiral was a hero. They believe that certain missing pages of the admiral's journal, if found, will show that

in his last costly battle he knowingly sent thousands of men to a needless death.

These bare bones of the story are fleshed out by a vast cast of characters, all interesting, many fascinating, and some—as the Boy Scout who is fighting in the privacy of his soul the recurring shock of a dirty photograph he has been given—are drawn with deep perception.

THE FINAL HOURS—by José Suarez Carreno, translated from the Spanish by Anthony Kerrigan — pp. 273 — *McClelland & Stewart* — *$4.00.*

Night-time in Madrid, a prostitute or two, streetboys, men with sorrows, a girl with a lost love, a man who feels most peachy when he is being whipped, whacked, or otherwise hurt—these are the ingredients of this moody well-written novel, one of the first Spanish fiction translations to appear on this continent for some time. If it has anything to say, it is expressed by one character (the psychotic) thusly: "Man has become a decrepit, malignant being, filled with accursed experience. . . When an illusion announces its presence to us, we already foresee its end." So the book has few illusions, no real beginning or end. And, for those to whom this will be a recommendation: nothing nice happens to *anybody*.

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER—by Davis Grubb —pp. 273—*Musson*—*$3.00.*

A man caught by poverty and the Depression robs a bank, shoots two men, then runs home and hides the $10,000 loot—where, only his 9-year-old son and 4½-year-old daughter know. In jail he meets a mad murdering preacher who wants the money (I could build a tabernacle, Ben, he whimpers. To beat that Wheeling Island tabernacle to hell and gone!). By overhearing some sleep-talking, the preacher finds out that the boy knows where the money is. When he gets out he goes to every length to make the boy tell, stays on for weeks and then months, and the story gradually builds up a head of menace so deep and pure that no matter how much the reader hopes for the best, he has to expect the worst. It is a new best-seller, and a most deserving one.

RAIDERS OF THE MOHAWK—by Orlo Miller—Illustrated by John MacLellan—*Macmillan*—*$2.00.*

This story of Butler's Rangers, loyalists based in Fort Niagara who fought for their king against the Americans in the War of Independence, is one in a series called Great Stories of Canada (five books in preparation by well known Canadian writers, dozens to come). One hates to niggle over something of such obviously high purpose as that of this series—to help inform our young people more firmly of our nation's beginnings. But the adventures here told still bear a little too much historical detail to reach full effectiveness as pure story. As long a jump as this book is from the unleavened dryness of history books, it is a pity it didn't make one jump more and really reach that other stool.

THE GIRL IN THE CAGE — by Ben Benson — pp. 218—*McLeod*—*$3.00.*

M'LORD I AM NOT GUILTY—by Frances Shelley Wees—pp. 222—*Doubleday*—*$3.00.*

BURY THE PAST — by Alexander Fullerton — pp. 224—*British Book Service*—*$2.50.*

Three mysteries, one American, one British, and one Canadian; three styles, of which only the Canadian cannot be said to be distinctly national (because we seem to have none); all good reading in the special field of the mystery.

The Girl in the Cage is, like most U.S. mysteries, straight unpretentious storytelling. In this one, a Massachusetts State Trooper is sent to a small town to pose as a mechanic and try to track down a car-stealing racket. Before he solves it, a lot of good honest mysterious stuff goes on — and some of the most convincing and hair-raising writing about a teen-age hangout I ever expect to see.

M'Lord I am Not Guilty is set in and around Toronto and suburbs, and Mrs. Wees does a very sound job. Her stiff-upper-lip Rosedale big-house people, posh and phoney apartment dwellers, and outdoor-barbecue suburbanites are pure Toronto. The story, of a girl acquitted of murder who is trying to find out who *did* bump off her husband, is well-paced and convincing.

Bury the Past is one of those tight-lipped British things. It is really worth reading for the high excitement and taut atmosphere of the first two-thirds of the book (good guys and bad guys in post-war Germany), even though the story then moves to South Africa, loses pace and cohesion, and ends in a blaze of coincidence.

A SEED UPON THE WIND—by William Michelfelder — pp. 320 — *McClelland & Stewart*—*$3.95.*

Let's try a few imaginary sub-titles for this one. How about: "An incredibly tortured conflict between sex, whisky, and religion." Right. A dust-jacket blurb? "There was this drinking doctor, see, in a Catholic hospital, and there was this nurse, see, with sex shooting out of her like watermelon seeds out of squoze fingers and . . ." Well, naturally. But the doctor was already a Catholic, so he couldn't *become* one to settle all his problems, so he became . . . he became . . . face it, sir, a Methodist.

The odd thing is that this author does write extremely well, although the over-intense frailties of the story seldom allow the reader to notice it.

S. Y.

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The Truth About McCarthy: Justice on the Double

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART III

When JUDGE MCCARTHY breezed into the courtroom full of vim and vitality, like a strong west wind blowing through the moldering halls of justice. And the strength of his breeze blew order and decorum out the courthouse window.

There were about 250 cases in backlog when McCarthy took over. The wheels of Wisconsin justice had been grinding too painstakingly to suit Joe's pace. Within a few months he was caught up, and from that day on, he was never behind in his court calendar.

In Wisconsin, circuit judges interchange positions once in a while and sit in each other's places. From the start, Joe began making these trades wholesale, thus providing himself with an expense-paid means of becoming known from one end of Wisconsin to the other. And whenever he went to a strange area, he would look up lawyers, judges, and newspapermen. He kept a black book of all political bigshots in every city he visited; and, travelling through, he would call them and pass the time of day. But it was to newspapermen that he was most cordial.

He built up his reputation exactly as he had in the past—quantitatively instead of qualitatively. He tried five cases for every one his colleagues tried; divorce trials were sometimes knocked off in five minutes; manslaughter trials took a little longer. Justice took off her robes and put on a track suit.

Thanks to Judge McCarthy's bourbon-and-banter press relations, reporters on small-town papers tended to magnify his virtues and overlook his defects. So, little by little, the fledgling judge convinced the north-country residents, via the newspapers, that he was indeed endowed with all the homey virtues and that his judicial record could bear microscopic scrutiny. Of course, this reputation might have bubble-gummed in his face had the press taken the trouble to examine one McCarthy case.

But if the newspapers weren't talking, Wisconsin's lawyers were. To this day, the merest mention of the Quaker Dairy case will bring to the minds of the state's legal fraternity a sour recollection of Judge McCarthy. The case has since been held up to young lawyers as an object lesson in misconduct on the bench.

Quaker Dairy, a milk distributor, had been making life difficult for Appleton-area farmers, who found their profits squeezed by the company's pricing practices. When the situation reached its worst, the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture stepped in and made an investigation. It found that Quaker Dairy was violating laws put on the books to protect the farmers from price undercutting. And, almost immediately, the Agriculture Department filed suit in McCarthy's court, asking for an injunction against the company to make it obey the law.

From the beginning, the legal machinations emitted a slight odor. Quaker Dairy was badly in need of time to prepare a defence for its obvious violation of the law. Yet not even friendly Judge McCarthy could be depended on to postpone the trial for six or eight weeks the company figured it needed. So Quaker hit on a novel scheme. There was an obscure law on Wisconsin's books that allowed a judge to postpone any trial involving an attorney who was also a state legislator until the current session was ended. And so company representatives hastened to Madison, the state capital, and persuaded Assemblyman Mark Catlin to take their case. Judge McCarthy promptly postponed the trial date six weeks until June 6, when the legislature was to adjourn. And after the six weeks were up, Proxy Catlin bowed out in favor of the firm's regular lawyer, assisted now by a close friend of McCarthy, Andrew Parnell.

Herblock in The Washington Post

'Help! I'm Being Followed'.

Meanwhile, Judge McCarthy had signed a temporary injunction preventing Quaker Dairy from violating the law. But three days later, for some unrecorded reason, he whirled in the other direction and suspended his own injunction. When the case finally came to trial, McCarthy manifested a touching regard for the problems of the lawbreaking dairy, and complete contempt for the farmers who had elected him. He announced that it was true the law was being broken and that the Agriculture Department's lawyer, Gilbert Lappley, was right. A smile crossed Lappley's face as the judge continued his rambling verdict, but it soon dissolved when McCarthy added a long, sonorous "however". What followed the judge's "however" was to be the beginning of the end of Lappley's promising law career. McCarthy went on to void the injunction against Quaker Dairy—on the interesting grounds that the law the company was violating would be off the books anyway in six months. McCarthy said that enforcement of such a law would work "undue" hardship on the company. Thus began McCarthy's career as a lawmaker; in voiding the injunction, he had in effect revised the statute—a function that constitutionally belonged to the legislative branch.

Lappley, angered by this breezy interpretation of the law, demanded an early trial of the charges that Quaker Dairy had engaged in illegal practices. Judge McCarthy replied that, in view of his decision, such a trial would be a "waste of the court's time". He dismissed the entire case.

When Lappley couldn't find justice in McCarthy's court, he hustled over to the state Supreme Court in Madison and asked for an order forcing McCarthy to try the case. As a matter of course, the high court sent to Appleton for the recorded transcript of McCarthy's verdict and his ruling. But, mysteriously, a vital part of the transcript had disappeared. McCarthy's lawyer promised that it would turn up within a few days; when it didn't, Judge McCarthy was asked for an explanation. Blandly, Joe wrote that he had ordered his court reporter to destroy the notes. Why? "Because they weren't material." This was, perhaps, the first and the last time in American judicial history that a trial judge admitted that his verdict and explanation were immaterial.

Wisconsin lawyers felt that McCarthy's conduct would have resulted in immediate disbarment for a judge of less popular appeal, but the Supreme Court contented itself with a scathing denunciation of McCarthy's blind-flying on the bench.

The court ordered McCarthy to restore the original injunction against Quaker Dairy and to hear the case again, this time on its merits. When the retrial was held, McCarthy cut it to a one-afternoon affair, begrudgingly slapping the injunction back on his friends. But he also took time out to castigate Gilbert Lappley for "causing all this trouble". He subjected Lappley to a vituperative attack at the close of the proceedings.

For weeks afterward, McCarthy's outburst rang in Lappley's ears. He tried to

Why wait to lose weight?

THIS MAN, like many others who have "gotten stout," knows that he should start reducing *now*. But the thought of going on a diet . . . of giving up his favorite foods . . . overcomes his better judgment. Why not wait, he reasons, and "trim down" later on?

Actually the first signs of "getting stout" are nature's warning to start reducing immediately. For when you bring your weight down and *keep* it down, you are likely to gain some mighty important health benefits.

There is the distinct possibility, for example, of lengthening your life. Here are the facts which are based on an extensive study of men:

> *The death rate from all causes was found to be about a fifth higher for men who were from 5 to 14 percent overweight than for those of proper weight. Moreover, among men who were 25 percent or more overweight, the death rate was about 75 percent higher.*

Why do overweight and long life seldom go together? Simply because overweight is frequently associated with many diseases or conditions, including high blood pressure, heart and kidney disorders and diabetes.

Extra weight is especially bad for the heart. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra weight require an additional half a mile of blood vessels to maintain this excess body tissue. The result is the heart and other vital organs have to work harder.

Extra weight usually begins to accumulate when we reach middle age, and in 98 percent of the cases the cause is simply due to overeating. Thus, after age 35, it is especially important to follow proper habits of eating.

Your doctor is the best judge of what your desirable weight should be. He will caution against quick, drastic reducing methods that may undermine health rather than improve it. With his advice, you can be helped to reduce without making radical changes in your diet, or resorting to strenuous exercises and other measures that may be ineffectual in the *permanent* control of overweight.

In addition to the health benefits of proper weight, there are other advantages which you may enjoy by keeping "in trim." The chances are that you will look better, feel better, and get more fun out of life.

So, why wait to lose weight?

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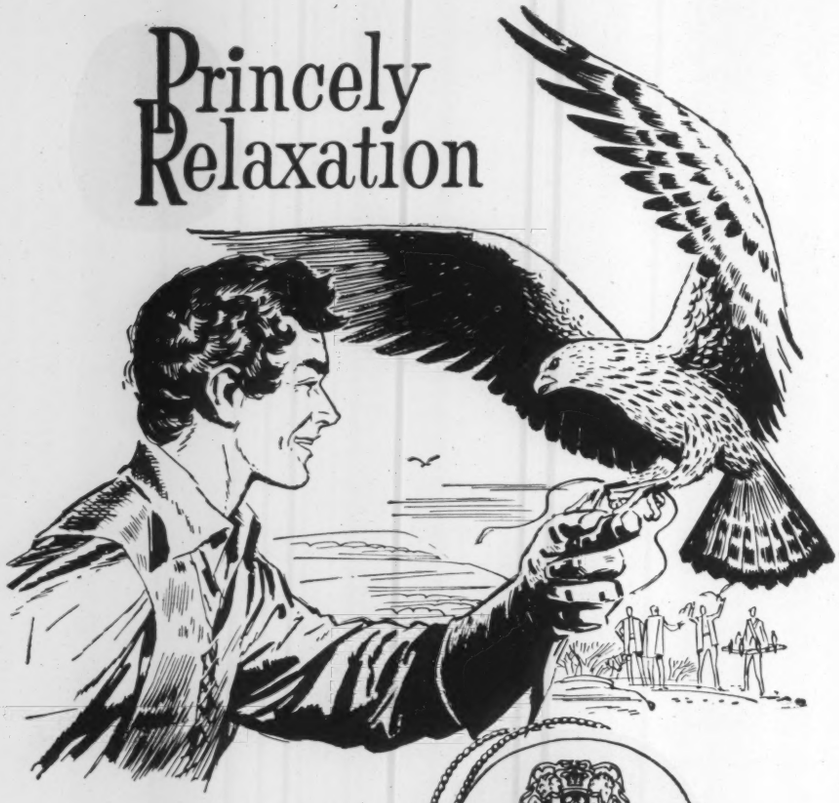

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get a transcript of the remarks, but he was given a brush-off. And Chief Judge Rosenberry refused to order an official search, though he promised disbarment proceedings against McCarthy if the remarks were brought in.

Six months after the State Supreme Court slapped McCarthy's judicial wrist, the United States was at war. One by one the north country's young men began to disappear, leaving behind the too young, the too old, and the infirm. None of these was Joe McCarthy; he fitted into a special niche of his own—exempt for the reason that he was a judge.

Now virtually alone among young political hopefuls, he redoubled his efforts to make his name a household word in every corner of the state. He tried more cases than ever before, and stepped up his schedule of speeches. But he soon learned that a young man in judicial robes wasn't half so glamorous as one in khaki. And the straw that broke the back of his resistance was a prominent Page 1 picture of a handsome young ensign — Carl Zeidler.

Zeidler cast a long shadow across Joe's projected highway to the United States Senate. He was mayor of Milwaukee, a surprise victor over the beer city's perennial mayor, Socialist Dan Hoan. All over the state, Zeidler was regarded as the No. 1 up-and-coming Republican. Young, tall, blond, and Germanic, he began his speeches by singing "God Bless America" in a clear tenor voice, and he had the voters of Milwaukee at his feet. Joe, correctly, sized up Zeidler as his most dangerous rival; and when Zeidler joined the Navy as an ensign, Joe was annoyed to see the news prominently displayed in every Wisconsin paper. Zeidler had made a politically smart move, Joe told his political lieutenants; and he had to make an even smarter move. If a Navy uniform impressed the voters, what would impress them more? The answer was clear: Join the Marines.

The decision to sign up was no snap judgment, although McCarthy later tried to convince the voters that it came in a burst of patriotic fervor. He sat down on June 2, 1942, and penned a letter to Major Saxon Holt, recruiting officer in Milwaukee. The letter set forth his qualifications for an officer's commission, and it was written on circuit-court stationery. Two days later, McCarthy drove to the big city, Milwaukee, and rushed around to the newspapers with the story that he wanted to join up as "a private or anything else in the Marines".

The fiction that he was willing to be a buck private was played to the hilt in later years by McCarthy the campaigner.

In the *Congressional Directory* of 1947, he inserted: "In June of 1942 applied for enlistment in Marine Corps as buck private

and was later commissioned." A year later the subject was getting too hot, and he changed the entry to: "In June of 1942 enlisted in the Marine Corps and was assigned to Marine aviation," leaving out mention of being a private.

The war was also helpful in eliminating his political rival Zeidler. One night Zeidler's ship was moving along in a convoy on the fog-shrouded North Atlantic. When the sun arose, the rest of the convoy was still inching along, but Zeidler's ship was gone, and so was Joe McCarthy's main political headache.

McCarthy executed the oath of office as a first lieutenant in Appleton on August 4, 1942. He reported at Quantico, Virginia, eight days later, slogged through indoctrination training, and served at various stations until April, 1943, when he embarked for Hawaii with the Fourth Marine Air Base Defense Wing. From that date until he parted company with the Marines at the height of the Pacific war, he served on islands in the Pacific—but always after the islands were well under the control of friendly forces.

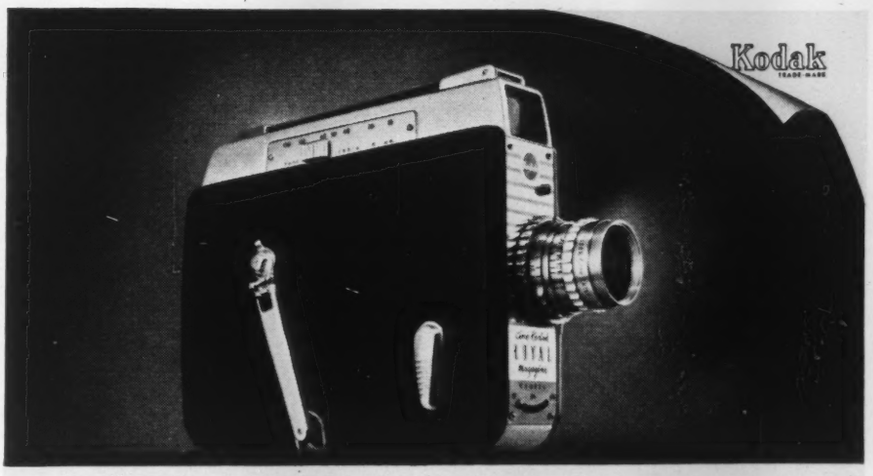
Throughout most of this time McCarthy was serving officially as an intelligence officer, doing the paper work for a squadron of pilots. His job was to evaluate the success of the missions and to correlate the information into plans for future strikes. All in all, an important assignment—but not one that satisfied McCarthy. The magic word was "missions". McCarthy knew that when an airman returned home, he would be judged largely by the number of missions he had flown —not by the number of briefing sessions he had held. So Joe cast about for an opportunity to fly.

As for the exact number of missions flown by McCarthy, wartime facts and post-war claims all blend together into a hodgepodge of numbers. There is only one consistency about his record of missions: the number gets higher as the years go by.

There is no denying the fact that McCarthy fired a lot of ammunition. "The Judge really loved to shoot guns," one of his pilots reports. "He was really eager in that rear seat." He fired so often and so wildly that one day a huge sign appeared in the recreation area: PROTECT OUR COCONUT TREES. SEND MCCARTHY BACK TO WISCONSIN.

Another report on the adventures of Tail-Gunner Joe, published in the Appleton *Post-Crescent* of November 15, 1943, disclosed that McCarthy "was wounded in one of the actions".

There was no question about it: Joe *was* injured during the war. And another fact was indisputable: the injury occurred on June 22, 1943. But the official Navy records show that McCarthy was not facing Jap shrapnel or serving on a Marine airfield at the time. On June 22, 1943, he was on board the Navy's seaplane



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tender *Chandeleur*, steaming toward the Pacific war area. The ship recorded him as an "officer passenger." And on June 22, the *Chandeleur* was crossing the equator. The details of that day were reported later by one of Joe's shipmates:

"The skipper, Commander Albert K. Morehouse, gave the enlisted men permission to have a mild 'shellback' ceremony on June 22, the day we crossed the equator.

"McCarthy was nearly through his initiation when he was hurt. He was going down a ladder with a bucket fastened to his foot when he slipped. His other foot caught on a lower rung—an iron pipe a few inches from the steel bulkhead—and he fell backward, injuring his foot."

Joe was in a good humor as he hobbled around on his cast, but he admonished his buddies: "Don't ever tell that I broke my foot in this silly way." They never suspected that, before Joe's war career was over, his prank injury would grow into a "severe leg injury" and he would be cited by Admiral Chester Nimitz for bravely refusing "to be hospitalized".

How the fabulous McCarthy promoted this citation is a mystery that has never been fully solved.

Once, on a nationwide hookup over the American Broadcasting Company, he referred to "the rough days when we lost a number of our pilots and gunners". He told how "my task at night was to write home to the young wives, to the young mothers, with the hope that we might be able to make the blow fall less heavily". He said that on the night of the first Rabaul raid, "a great number of letters had to be written", and he "struggled" over them "in my dugout". The fact was that he never lived in a dugout. And the official Marine Corps history of McCarthy's outfit, VMSB-235, shows that the squadron lost five officers and two men—not in the single raid on Rabaul, but in its entire military tour in the South Pacific. Nevertheless the speech melted the heart of many a Gold Star mother.

On another occasion, after a talk in Badger Village, Wisconsin, one veteran stood up and asked: "Why do you wear built-up shoes?"

Joe, slightly taken aback, paused for a few seconds, then dramatically reached down and pulled the elevator shoe off. He showed the audience a special frame inside and announced: "I'll tell you why I wear this shoe. It's because I carry 10 pounds of shrapnel in this leg!"

This is the third of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'", written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The fourth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

NEXT TO THE PERIOD of the composers of the Old School, the years 1845 to 1862 are of the greatest importance in the history of chess problem development.

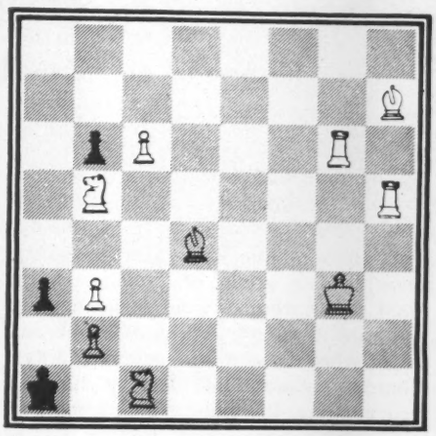
Right at the start appeared the Indian Problem, so named because it was contributed anonymously from India to the *Chess Player's Chronicle,* in February, 1855. H. Weenink considers it the most famous of all chess problems. It was sixty years later before the identity of the composer, the Rev. Henry Augustus Loveday, 1815-48, of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, was fully established.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 69.

1.K-R2, Kt-Kt4; 2.Q-KR1, etc. 1.K-R2, Kt else; 2.Q-K1ch, etc.

Here the white King operates a unique square-vacating key-move. It is a completely neutral or thematically pure one.

PROBLEM NO. 70, by P. A. Boorer.



White mates in three.

• •

Sweet and Sour

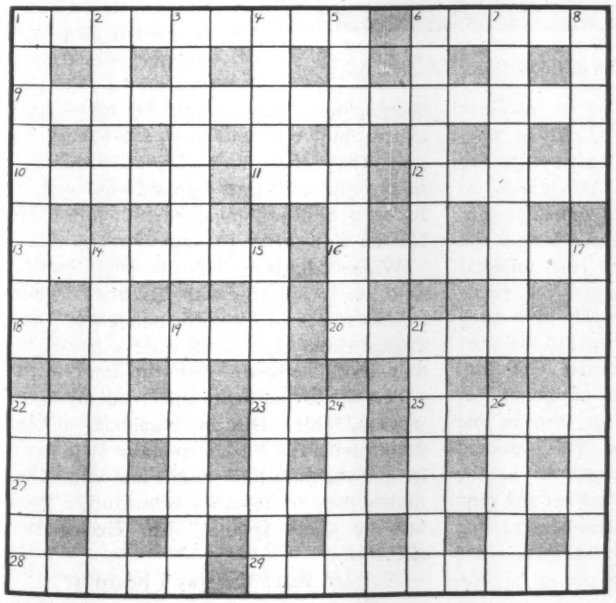
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. And one should have a number of bonds for these years. (9)
6. The Mormon found his name was no help to him becoming so. (5)
9. Not hyphenated, appears to be a reversal of these animals' feeding habits. (3-6, 6)
10. What a lad I turned out to be! (5)
11. Spoil the hearts of 1 down and 14. (3)
12. It appears collaboration between the French and Scotch man should bear fruit. (5)
13. Gin hits one's, perhaps. (7)
16. Girls, it's unbelievable what's told about a fool. (7)
18. One may melt ere getting its shade. (3, 4)
20. By means of which the West Indian cuts down his sugar. (7)
22. Contrary to what a draftsman does on the green. (5)
23. The pick of the polar explorers. (3)
25. We set a trap for you here! (5)
27. Irishmen sang "Farewell" to it during a war. (9, 6)
28. Certainly obscuring the vision when taken with Scotch. (5)
29. When one is needed, a firm head is required. (9)

DOWN

1. With which we view July, to put it briefly? (9)
2. It's surprising that Juvenal's writings should embody such characteristics. (5)
3. When getting close, let air circulate inside. (7)
4. If I do, I'm all mixed up in my speech. (5)
5. The 17 of the Nutcracker Suite? (9)
6. They flock to Baltimore, no doubt. (7)
7. The quality of Elgar's "Gerontius"? (9)
8. Does it keep the violinist from slipping when bowing? (5)
14. We 1 down to make them. (9)
15. Are its performers working under a large overhead? (3,3,3)
17. Sugar-cured ham? (9)
19. Remedy for a change of clothing? (7)
21. The charmer quit when Mert left. What's your beef, you jerk? (7)
22. But it's not the scene of modern witch-hunting. (5)
24. Though you have the eye for it, it takes an eagle-eye to find it. (5)
26. Stone entrance? (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Breastworks
7. Mop
9. Adamant
10. Moonlit
11. Simon
12. 26 across. Havelock Ellis
13. Absalom
16. Bailiff
19. Nuclear
21. Enemies
23. Infantas
26. See 12
28. Seafood
29. Ontario
30. Ada
31. Farthingale

DOWN

1. Boatswain
2. Erasmus
3. Stain
4. Witch
5. Removable
6. Spoil
7. Malachi
8. Pets
14. Lee
15. Mary Tudor
17. Ice
18. Fish store
20. Cantata
22. Illyria
24. Aloof
25. Sloth
26. Eaten
27. Asia

(318)

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Films

Marilyn in the Mountain Country

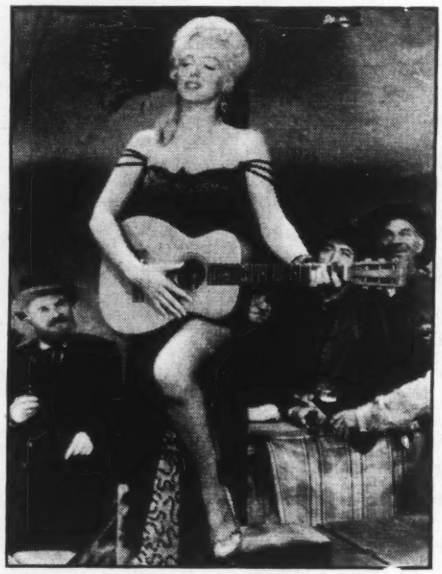
By Mary Lowrey Ross

IN HER LATEST film, *River of No Return* Marilyn Monroe does quite a lot of singing. She sings in a throaty, tragic little voice, while strumming her guitar; and a group of familiar Hollywood extras who are paid to do nothing but grow a stubble of beard, drink tea out of whisky glasses and admire Marilyn Monroe, gallantly and happily fill out their contract. It's quite a long scene and may seem a little longer because it has been on the screen at intervals, and with few variations, ever since Marlene Dietrich was a girl. (Miss Dietrich finally grew bored with probing the emotional depths of the bar-room heroine, and began to see the joke in the role. But Marilyn is still a long way off from the wisdom of a grandmother.)

Presently Robert Mitchum wanders in, looking for his eight-year-old son. He pays no attention to Marilyn, but this doesn't bother her because the man she loves (Rory Calhoun) is waiting in her dressing-room. Rory is one of those Hollywood *fiancés de convenance* whose relation to the heroine remains glaringly unstated in the interests of propriety; so it is no surprise when the two take off for a long trip together on a raft. Rory stops off long enough at Farmer Mitchum's to take over his horse and gun, and then goes on his way. Mitchum, Marilyn and the eight-year-old follow on the raft, pursued by Indians, and after a while the perils began to yawn so continuously that they got me doing it too. Eventually the pursuers catch up with the Villain Calhoun, and there is a fairly tense moment before the eight-year-old plugs him in the back from a store-window. This incident is accepted with general approval as the little fellow's Boy Scout deed for the day.

Apart from this novel denouement, the Banff scenery and Marilyn Monroe, there isn't much to distinguish *River of No Return* from any other Western. In a pair of skin-tight jeans and a camisole top she contrives a good deal of the time to wrest attention from the everlasting hills. It is doubtful if she could do anything more than this with the routine scheme of misbehavior and redemption provided for her here. So she gives her public exactly and generously what it wants, being too wise or too inexperienced to make the mistake of hitting it where it ain't.

The Naked Jungle at one point may remind you of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's famous remark when she was told that ants had a completely organized society, including army and intelligence units. "What no navy?" Mrs. Campbell asked.



20th Century-Fox

MARILYN MONROE: Sings too.

Well, it seems that the ants in the George Pal production actually did contrive a navy. As Producer Pal presents them, they are a carnivorous South American variety who turn up once in a couple of generations and swarm across the country, eating everyone in sight. Here Charlton Heston, a wealthy South American planter, tries to stop the invasion by opening up sluices around his magnificent estate, but the ants are too smart for him. They gnaw down leaves, drop them in the sluices, climb aboard and sail up to open a naval engagement against Mr. Heston and Miss Eleanor Parker.

When Charlton Heston isn't battling ants, he is fighting with his bride, whom he has imported by correspondence. These engagements get tedious after a while, but they don't compare with the intervals in which the lovers make up. "Tell me about women," Mr. Heston demands at one point, and Miss Parker explains that women and men are like spoons and when they match they fit together beautifully. "Now tell me about spoons," Mr. Heston says fiercely.

At least, that's the way I heard it.

Sports

Block That Hot Dog!

By Jim Coleman

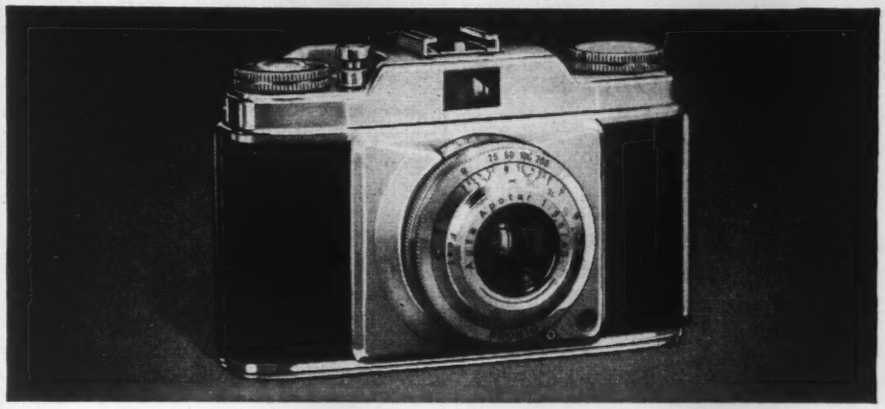
THE NATIONAL MEATS Institute has just issued a reassuring bulletin to the effect that every man, woman and child in North America will eat 21 Hot Dogs this year. This, of course, is an average figure and some persons will be required to eat considerably more than 21 frankfurters to make up for Aunt Abigail, whose dental crockery is up in drydock, and Uncle Milton, who is a militant anti-vivisectionist.

In the sports world, eating is considered to be an occupational disease and many of the continent's outstanding knife-and-fork men are regular patrons of the athletic abattoirs. R. Simms Wallach, a lean, cadaverous character who was recently appointed food-consultant to the Ontario Jockey Club, has estimated that 80 per cent of the Hot Dogs to be consumed in Canada this year will be dispensed at race tracks, hockey rinks and football and baseball stadia.

As far as is known, The Ontario Jockey Club is the first Canadian sports organization to adopt a scientific approach to the food problem. Mr. Wallach brings unusual talents to his job, having majored in animal husbandry at the University of Idaho and having worked as an investigator for the Gallup Poll. Additionally, he made the well-nigh-supreme sacrifice of losing a portion of one manual digit while conducting research experiments at the Swift Company's main packing plant in Chicago.

Consumption of food and drinks is becoming an increasingly important item on the daily reports of all major sports organizations. George C. Hendrie, the managing director of the Ontario Jockey Club, is known as a gentleman who controls his emotions, even under extreme provocation. When his lieutenants present their reports to him each evening, his face is expressionless as he reads: "Attendance—increase 17 per cent. Wagering—increase 15 per cent," but a beatific smile lights his countenance when he reads the line: "Hot Dogs—increase 21½ per cent".

For all his impressive academic background, R. Simms Wallach is a Johnny-Come-Recently in the field of providing food for Canadian sports audiences. Nathaniel Bailey, of Vancouver, became president of the Canadian Restaurant Association as a result of the experience



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One day George's scientist companion decided he needed someone to play checkers with, so he taught George to play. But the scientist knew that if he taught George to "think" an infinite number of moves ahead George would always win. So to bolster his ego and maintain "man's superiority over the machine" the scientist taught him to calculate . . . not think, but calculate . . . only five moves ahead. And since theoretically a man can think an infinite number of moves ahead he should always win, whether at checkers or at other things . . . the trouble is he doesn't.

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he gained while selling Hot Dogs, peanuts and soft drinks at baseball parks on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Bailey may not have taken cost-accounting at college, but one day, when he had been skulled by a foul ball that ricocheted into the third-base bleachers, he had a vision as he sat moodily rubbing his injured noggin.

He had been putting 20 peanuts in each bag that sold for 10 cents. Solemnly, he removed two peanuts from each bag. He discovered that the 18-peanut bags sold just as readily as his 20-peanut bags. Before you could say "Samuel S. Insull", Nathaniel Bailey was well on his way to becoming a millionaire.

Even more recently, the Toronto Baseball Club imported Joseph Ziegler to be general manager. Mr. Ziegler experimented mightily in his efforts to give the Toronto Maple Leafs a team in the first division. Despite his most zealous endeavors, he couldn't persuade outfielders with batting averages of 280 to hit 300. Nor could he persuade 15-game pitchers to win 20 games. In short, Ziegler couldn't get the Maple Leafs into the first division.

But, Ziegler *did* accomplish one thing—he made the 20-cent Hot Dog part of the Canadian sports economy. Frustrated on all other fronts, Ziegler boosted the price of Hot Dogs in Maple Leaf Stadium from 15 cents to 20 cents.

There was a minor revolt among the patrons, naturally. For a few days, these patrons boycotted the Hot Dog counter. Some of them brought box-lunches to the ball games and ostentatiously munched bananas and passion-fruit in the open stands. Ziegler ignored them and, very soon, they discovered that they couldn't carry enough food to sustain human life —particularly when the visiting team was at bat. The 20-cent Hot Dog was here to stay.

(All of this occurred, of course, in the unhappy days before Jack K. Cooke purchased the Toronto Baseball Club. The Toronto Baseball Club now has four 300-hitters and 20-cent Hot Dogs.)

Mr. Wallach, whose scientific researches had apprised him of Mr. Ziegler's successful experiment, attempted to foist the 20-cent Hot Dog on the Directors of the Ontario Jockey Club. The issue was tabled before those gentlemen whose combined wealth could build a 36-inch pipeline all the way from Saudi Arabia to Paducah, Ky., via Baffin Land. With due deliberation, they weighed the merits of the 20-cent Hot Dog against the merits of the 15-cent Hot Dog. Striking a solid blow for democracy, the Directors of the Ontario Jockey Club tossed profits to the winds and held the line at 15 cents.

Shocked, but not defeated, R. Simms Wallach went on to conduct his survey of the eating habits of Canadian sports spectators. He found that, per capita, horse-players out-spend all other spectators at athletic events. He has a dual-theory to explain this. He believes that horse-players seek food for strength to sustain them in their travails, standing in line in front of the totalizator wickets. Additionally, he believes that the calming effects of a full stomach are conducive to studying the fine type in the past-performance charts of *The Daily Racing Form*.

Miller Services
80 PER CENT of the Hot Dogs eaten in Canada are sold at race tracks, hockey rinks and football and baseball stadia.

Mr. Wallach currently is preparing a paper for the files of the Harvard Post-Graduate School of Business Administration. In this paper, he is making pointed reference to the decline in the sale of soft drinks in baseball parks.

Mr. Wallach is convinced that this decline is a direct result of dispensing soft drinks in paper containers, rather than in old-fashioned bottles. After all, who can make an impression on a short-sighted umpire with a paper cup?

The fact that per-capita food and drink expenditures in Canadian football stadia are relatively low gives Mr. Wallach only slight pause. He explains this by suggesting that many football spectators are chronic adolescents who don't realize that Prohibition Legislation has been repealed and who still insist upon carrying sustenance in their hip-pockets.

Only when considering the crowds at stock-car races does Mr. Wallach confess that he is baffled. He cannot understand why stock-car fans make a normal per capita expenditure on Hot Dogs and peanuts, but their consumption of soft drinks falls far below the norm.

We think that we can provide the answer.

From what we have seen of the spectators at stock-car racing, we would suggest that soft drinks scarcely can assuage their thirst. We submit that they would prefer human blood.

Business

Tax Sharing Is Salvation For Local Governments

By ERIC HARDY

ON MAY 8, 1951, the Government of Manitoba named a Committee under the chairmanship of the Provincial Premier to consider and report on Provincial-Municipal Relations in Manitoba. Among the briefs they received, one put forward by the Manitoba Urban Association made the point that "the most urgent and most important immediate task . . . of this submission is to impress on the members of the . . . Committee the seriousness of the financial problems which the municipalities are facing".

This inquiry by the Province of Manitoba, which was concluded in February, 1953, was only one of a series of similar studies commissioned by provinces in all parts of Canada in recent years. In fact, this subject has come under special review in every province of Canada with the exception of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. This seems to justify the conclusion that we are dealing with a serious situation. Whether or not Canadian municipalities are approaching something of a crisis, however, has yet to be considered.

After the war there was, of course, an increase everywhere in the burden of real property taxes. At the same time, the heavy taxation developed by the Federal Government and the provinces in the war days was largely continued. Owners of real property were said to be greatly overburdened. In the late forties, a frequent claim was that the real property tax had reached its limit and no time should be lost in obtaining relief from some quarter.

Gradually, however, the common attitude on municipal financing has undergone a change. It has to be admitted that real property taxes, although increasing, are not at an all-time high. This point could certainly be established if due allowance was made for the shrinking purchasing power of the dollar. The subject received attention in the deliberations of the Municipal Committee in Saskatchewan, where "the Committee found no evidence to support the view that real property in the average municipality in Saskatchewan was being over-taxed, either absolutely or relatively. In fact, all evidence suggested that the tax burden on real property in Saskatchewan was probably lower than at any time in the last three decades."

As municipal financing has come under closer scrutiny, the case for some relief to property taxpayers has been argued on different grounds. Repeatedly, it has been suggested that many of the present costs that local governments are called upon to carry are not an appropriate charge on real property. In its Progress Report, the Ontario Committee divided municipal services under two heads—services to property and services to persons. Making use of that classification the Committee warned that, unless new sources of revenue are found there may be "a deterioration of municipal services to property because municipal tax revenue from property is diverted to expenditures on behalf of persons". Following along this line of reasoning a brief on municipal financing adopted by the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities laid considerable stress on the benefits theory of municipal taxation. It was suggested that the practice of paying for purely local services—that is, the so-called services to property—by levies on the owners of real property is justified because property owners derive benefit from all of them.

The amount of the levy on individual owners is not an ideal measure of the benefits each obtains from such services. The relation between payments and returns is much closer for local improvement charges calculated on a frontage basis, water rates and the like. So long as a tax divides the cost of public services on some reasonable basis both as a particular levy and as part of the total tax structure, it is doing its job.

One of the services that used to be designated, without qualification, as a service to property was the provision of roads and streets within a muncipality. But the relationship between the cost of roads and the general interests of property owners as such is becoming decidedly questionable. Particular arterial routes are proving quite detrimental to the value of residential properties and there seems little justice in measuring a person's tax responsibility for roads by the size of his property holding. Moreover, a more reasonable basis is found in the gasoline and motor vehicle levies.

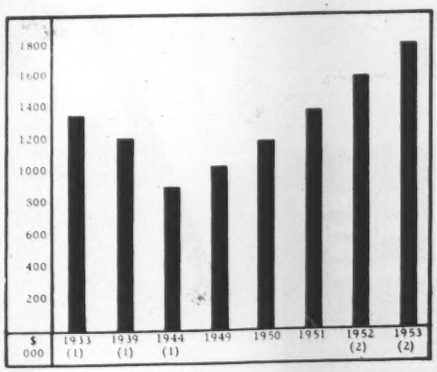
It is not surprising, therefore, that several provincial reports have favored the removal of part of the cost of muncipal roads from the real property taxpayer and have met with some success in this regard. As one example, Alberta adopted the recommendation of its Royal Commission that rural municipalities should receive grants equal to approximately 25 per cent of the provincial revenues from motor vehicle licensing and gasoline taxes and take over the entire cost of maintaining highway connecting links through towns and villages.

It seems obvious that the local requirements for such functions as education, care of the aged, recreational services and unemployment relief should not be measured by the strength of the real property tax base and the levies payable by individual taxpayers. Yet it is in some of these fields that public demand for increased services has been most strongly pressed in recent years. Leaving aside education, the total cost of the remaining social services is actually not much greater, when measured in constant dollars, than it was before the war. The pre-war figure, however, included substantial relief payments to the unemployed and their families, an item that has remained relatively small until very recently.

Municipalities cannot, of course, be expected to regard the distress payments of the thirties as any measure of their ability

Municipal Debt in Canada

Selected Years



Source: Bank of Canada

(1) *Excludes Newfoundland.* (2) *Estimated.*

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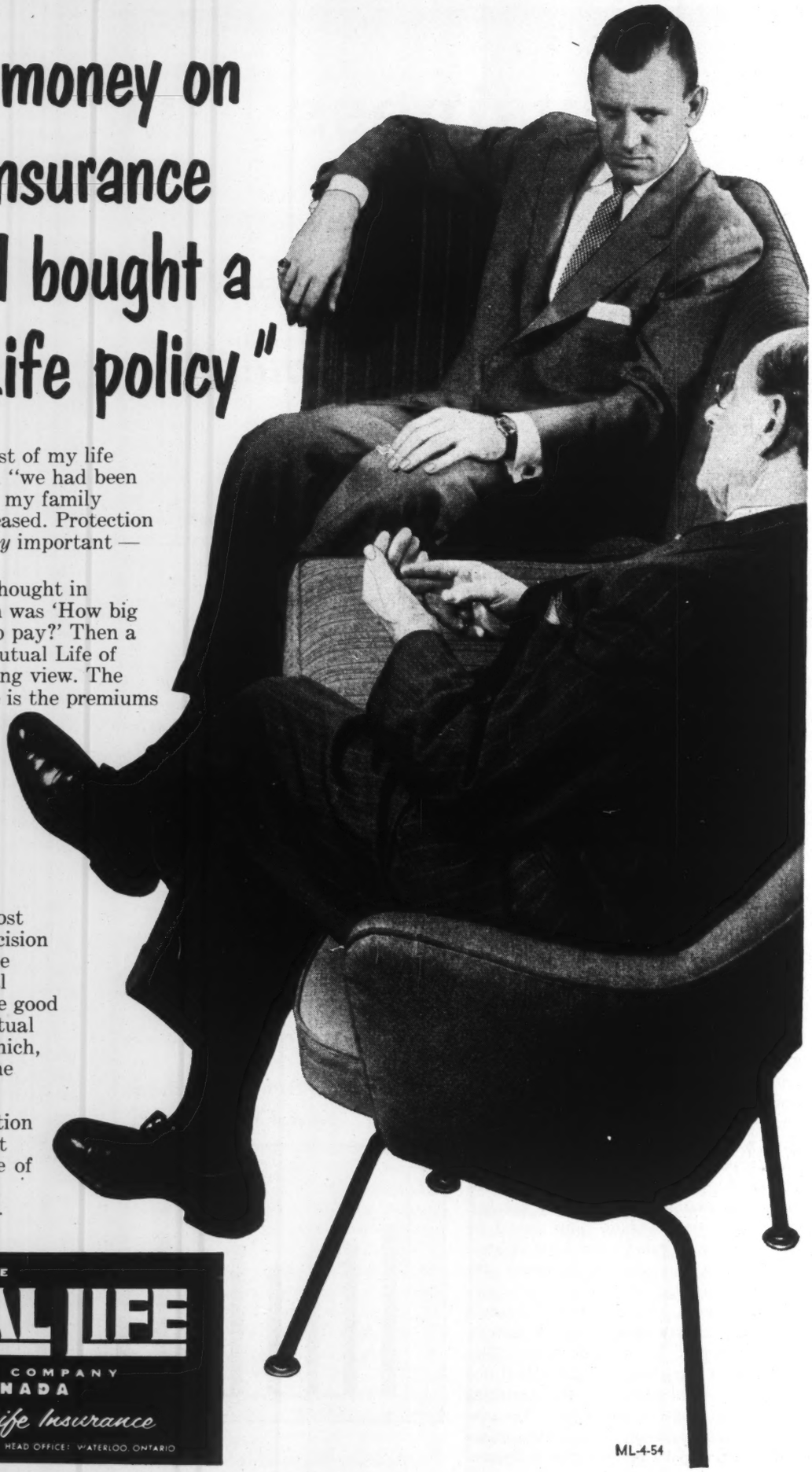

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to finance local services. Indeed, where substantial provision has not been made meanwhile to transfer responsibility, there is genuine alarm that a return of prolonged unemployment might again force current welfare costs to be funded and municipalities to default on their obligations. Specific action to lighten the load for relief to employables has come about in British Columbia as a result of the Royal Commissioner's report. That province is now prepared to accept 80 per cent of such direct relief outlays. But in other parts of Canada, the residual responsibility on local authorities for relief costs—which in my view is as out of date as the Elizabethan Poor Law from which it stems—still prevails.

I regard the real property tax as an unsuitable base for the financing of social services, including education, for at least two reasons. First, the intention in providing such services is to collect the money from those with the ability to pay the cost and to provide the services to the people who require them. A progressive tax is a more fitting source of money for such services. Secondly, the objective I should set for the provision of social services is to establish reasonably good standards everywhere through Canada without placing undue tax hardship on any province or municipality. Not only is a progressive tax needed to achieve this goal, but a source of income that is drawn directly or indirectly from all parts of the country in proper proportions is a necessity also. If it were not for the question of Dominion-provincial relations, and the concern over separating the financial and administrative responsibilities, the Government of Canada would be the obvious taxing authority and the personal income tax, the best type of levy.

To meet our peculiar situation a broad group of intergovernmental grants and payments has been developed and, in recent years, greatly extended. Based on figures that the Institute has presented, the net intergovernmental payments from Canadian provinces to municipalities rose from $75 million in 1946 to $187 million in 1951, the latest year for which the analysis is available. Similarly, payments from the Dominion to the provinces increased from $156 million to just short of $250 million over the same years.

From what I have said so far, it should be quite plain that the provinces have already stepped up the financial assistance available to their municipalities very considerably. The post-war years have posed serious financial problems for local governments throughout Canada. They have also brought us along quite a distance towards meeting those same problems.

(This is the first of two articles. Mr. Hardy is the Director of the Citizens Research Institute of Canada.)

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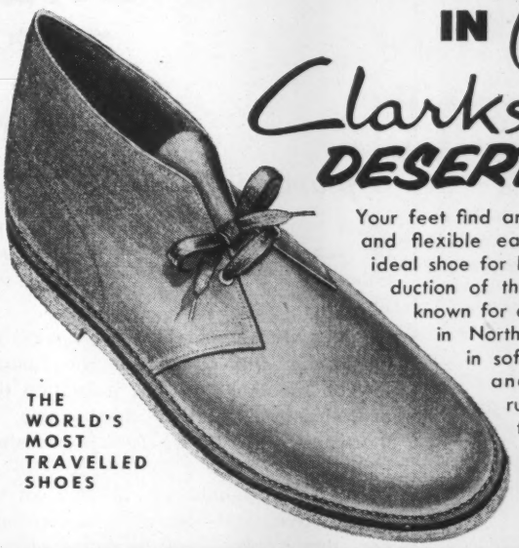

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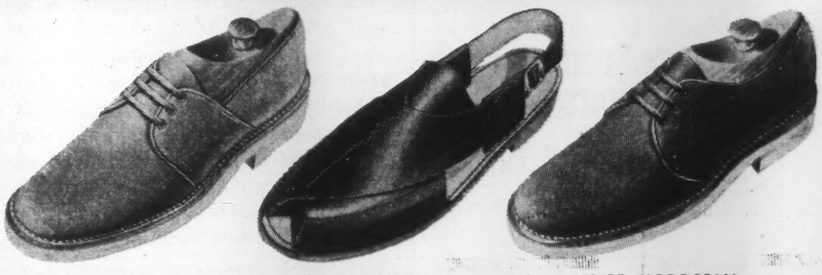

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By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

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By W. P. Snead

Gypsum Lime

I NOTE *that Gypsum has been advancing of late. With building still going ahead do you think this stock is a buy at 41?—A. C., Winnipeg.*

One of the primary reasons behind the advance in this stock from the January low of 32¾ has been the legislation that propelled the chartered banks into the mortgage field. While earnings per share increased from $2.57 in 1952 to $3.67 in 1953, it seems doubtful, in view of the erratic trends of the construction business, that dividends will be increased from the present rate of $2.00 per annum.

On the present rate, the price affords a yield of 4.9 per cent, which is close to what can be obtained from many high grade bonds or preferred stocks. As such it hardly rates as an investment and the speculative possibilities seem very limited.

The best tactics for you would appear to be to place your money in a high grade preferred, which would provide an equivalent income, while awaiting an investment opportunity.

Sherritt Gordon

I WOULD *appreciate very much receiving any information you can give me regarding the future outlook for Sherritt Gordon Mines Limited, and also your opinion as regards the possibility of an increase or otherwise in the value of the shares of this company during the next six months or year. — R. C. S., Terrace, BC.*

The story of the finding of the Lynn Lake nickel - copper - cobalt deposits and the development by Sherritt Gordon is so well known that it does not warrant repetition. Sufficient to say that since the triple projects of developing the mine, installing the mining and milling plant and building a chemical-metallurgical plant at Fort Saskatchewan were undertaken, the history of the company provides a perfect illustration of the difficulties that must be surmounted to bring a large mining operation into production.

With all of the components now in operation, it will soon be possible to assess the operating situation and profit potential of the company.

According to the President, Eldon L. Brown, the mill treated a total of 127,000 tons of ore during the first four months of this year. A total of 10,997 tons of nickel concentrate and 1,888 tons of copper concentrate was produced and shipped. Nickel recovery averaged 87.2 per cent and copper recovery 93.7 per cent, which showed a rate of efficiency better than had been estimated. The grades of concentrates were also higher than the grades used in the estimates. The chemical - metallurgical plant has commenced operations and it is expected that actual metal production will begin about mid-summer.

While the physical processes of producing metal are showing every indication of performing to expectations, the picture gets darker when the costs of plant and equipment are considered against the fixed selling prices set by the long-term contract with the United States government. When this contract was made, in 1950, the Korean war and its inflation were unknown factors. The estimates of costs made at that time have been upset by events that no one could foresee.

The company has been forced not only to revise its estimate of the cost of plant from $35 million to $46.8 million, an increase of 33.6 per cent, but to seek further financing. As a result of this, the funded debt position now stands in excess of $28 million. The burden of carrying this debt is considerable. To meet current obligations in the way of fixed maturities, sinking fund payments and interest, which have to be met before dividend payments can be considered, the President estimated the sum of $9,301,000 would be required in 1955 and $6,490,000; $4,703,000 and $4,495,000 in succeeding years.

From the action of the stock, which has swayed in a narrow range between $3.75 and $4.30 since the beginning of the year, it is apparent that buyers have taken most of these factors into consideration. While the possibility of short-term capital appreciation seems limited, the long-term outlook of the company, under the guidance of its experienced management, seems good. Any severe break in the market price of the stock would invite purchases by those taking a very long-term view.

Orchan Uranium

I PURCHASED *1,000 shares of Orchan Uranium Mines at 25 cents a share. I was told that this stock was a good speculation, but it is now selling at 18 cents. What is your opinion of this stock?— R. A. B., Montreal.*

The definition of a good speculation is one that goes up and shows the buyer a profit. Whether a mining or oil stock goes up depends upon two things: how well the underwriters or sponsors handle the

market in attempting to distribute the stock, and whether anything of importance is found on the property.

The company participated in the uranium rush to the Beaverlodge area and holds 10 claims about 2½ miles west of the Gunnar property. Like many another company, it found encouraging radioactive reactions but no ore. This brought the price down from the 1953 high of 49 cents to a low of 13 last March.

According to the statement released at the annual meeting, further exploration will be carried out on the main uranium property and mapping and prospecting will be carried out on a base metal prospect in the Manitouwadge area.

If commercial values are found on any of the properties the stock may move up. The best indication of something happening in that direction will be the appearance of an underwriting agreement. If nothing develops, it is a fair guess that another 1,000 to 1 location bet has been lost.

Base Metals

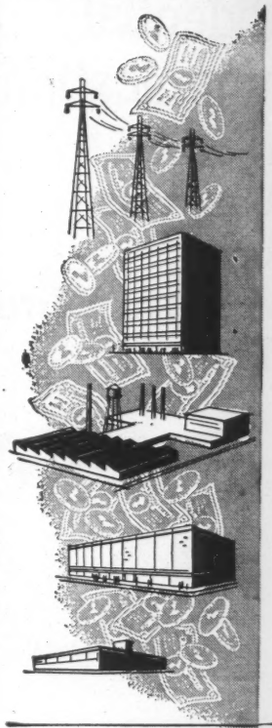
WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of the base metal situation? What effect will the changing situation in the United States have on Canadian producers? Do you think the shares of leading producers a buy or a short sale at the present time?—O. D. L., Walkerville, Ont.*

At first glance the base metal situation would seem to be improving. However, when we consider the underlying causes, it is evident that the move in lead-zinc prices is occasioned much more by political forces than by economic forces.

The pick-up from this year's low prices of 9¼ cents for zinc in February to the present 11 cents, and the rise to 14 cents for lead, did not get underway until the end of March, when President Eisenhower authorized an increase in stock-pile goals. That this announcement was not dictated by stockpile requirements is evident in the statement by U.S. Defence Mobilizer Flemming on March 24, that the Government would have huge surpluses of such items as lead, zinc, tin and copper. Also, data released by the United States Bureau of Mines show that zinc inventories in private hands are well in excess of 200,000 tons and lead inventories are in a comparable position.

With an important election less than five months away in the United States, no crystal ball is required to see that the benefits to the base metal industry are designed for internal consumption only.

While no buying has actually been undertaken by the General Services Administration, the efforts of the Western States lobby to gain both higher prices and a protected market are evident in the request by American producers for a 50 per cent increase in import duties over those prevailing at the start of 1945. Such an increase would bring the lead import



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BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 3

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of Twenty-five Cents per Share on the Common Shares has been declared for the three months ending 30th June, 1954, payable by cheque dated 15th July, 1954, to all shareholders of record as at the close of business on 30th June, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
27th May, 1954.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

Quarterly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, together with an extra dividend of .25c per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on

2nd JULY, 1954,

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th June, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
CHARLES PETTIT,
Manager.

June 2nd, 1954

Confidential communications?

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tariff up to 2.55 cents a pound from the present 1.16 cents and raise the zinc duty to 2.10 cents a pound from 0.70 cents.

To compete in the American market, Canadian producers would have to absorb these duties, giving them a price of 8.90 cents for zinc and 11.45 cents for lead. What this would mean to mines shipping to a smelter is best illustrated by the remarks of J. Jensen, Vice-President of Reeves MacDonald Mines. He stated that with a zinc price of ten cents per pound, the operating mine receives from the smelter about 3½ cents; at 11 cents it receives 4 1/3 cents; at 12 cents about 5 cents.

Taking a broader view of the general market for base metals, it seems unlikely that any increase in demand by industry, once the present spurt of buying has been satisfied, will develop until at least the Fall. Should a steel strike develop, which seems doubtful, zinc demand would fall flat; the greatest market for zinc is the familiar galvanizing of sheet steel products along with brass mill products. The next most important market is the automobile industry. From the present pile-up of new cars in dealers' hands, it seems likely that production cut-backs will occur this Summer.

With the underlying market conditions showing a fundamental weakness, which should be reflected in prices but which is being obscured by the artificial factors introduced by politics, it hardly appears to be good tactics to purchase the shares of base metal companies.

In Brief

I WOULD *appreciate it if you could tell me if stock in Lancer Petroleums has any value. I bought at 30 cents but have seen no recent bids.—C. W., Trail, BC.*

That "no bid" tells the story.

DO YOU THINK *Jellicoe Mines a good speculation at the present price of 19 cents?—W. F., Calgary.*

Toss a coin.

WOULD YOU CONSIDER *East Sullivan a buy at the present price of $4.00?—H. D., Chipman Bay, NB.*

No.

I HOLD *1,000 shares of Trend Petroleums bought around 70 cents in 1952. Should I take my loss now or hold for a rise?—R. N. S., Edmonton.*

At 11 cents, what have you got left to lose?

WHAT SHOULD *I do with shares of Consolidated Cordasun purchased at better than $1.00?—E. N. B., Halifax.*

Hold and hope.

CAN YOU TELL ME *what happened to Algood Gold Mines?—S. T., Toronto.*

It wasn't.

Who's Who in Business

"We Have Plenty Going On."

By J. W. Bacque

A CARPENTER recently retired from the Robert Simpson Company in Toronto with an annuity income of over $2,000 per year as well as capital assets of $20,000. All this money was paid or assured to him by Simpson's—yet, in 30 years, he had invested less than $4,000 of his own money. Company president Edgar G. Burton, 51, is proud to discuss this example of the way in which Simpson's pension fund and profit-sharing plan works to the **employees' benefit.**

"The man had received only an average salary," Mr. Burton comments, "but he has enough now to assure him of a comfortable retirement. This is the foundation of a sound business. The employees love it, and I can't understand why more companies don't do it."

Ashley & Crippen

EDGAR G. BURTON.

The plan is not the only benefit that Simpson's and Simpsons - Sears extend to their 17,000 employees: at Glenerin Hall, near Erindale, Ontario, employees convalescing after operations or breakdowns of any kind, are cared for at company expense, "while they receive full salary," Mr. Burton adds. "It's like a big country club. I think it's unique in Canada."

Mr. Burton's affable interest in the welfare of the employees is consistent with his quiet manner. He frankly admits that his father, C. L. Burton, chairman of the board, has had a favorable influence on his career. "It's been a great advantage having my father's advice and interest in my work," he says.

Mr. Burton nearly missed the opportunity to work at Simpson's. "I was going to be a lawyer originally," he says. "I was actually articled to a law firm, but I didn't go through with that." When he decided to give up law and he was wondering about joining Simpson's, his father warned him that if he succeeded, people would say that his father had done it all for him, and if he failed to be outstanding, people would think he was lazy. Nevertheless, Mr. Burton decided to brave his father's gloomy prediction, and, in 1923, he joined Carson, Pirie, Scott and Co. in Chicago, as a shipping clerk. Within two years he had advanced to the position of assistant buyer.

He returned to Toronto and Simpson's in 1925, to take over the women's coats department. In 1928, he moved up to the position of merchandise manager of all women's ready-to-wear. Nine years later, he became general manager of the Toronto store.

He interrupted his business career in 1941, to work in Ottawa for four years as Administrator of Retail Trade for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. "I was right out of the business, telling my former competitors what to do as a bureaucrat," he says. "It was sort of a post-graduate course in merchandising for me." In 1946, he received a CBE for his war work.

Three years after his return to Simpson's, he became president of the company. The extent to which Mr. Burton has succeeded in winning wide recognition for his own efforts, despite his father's warning, can be measured not only from the award of the CBE, but also from the number of organizations that have sought his services, in industry and civic life. He is president of Simpsons-Sears as well as all subsidiary companies; he is a director of the Bank of Canada and the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, and he has been closely associated with the Canadian National Exhibition, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the YMCA.

"Lately I've been doing a lot of travelling," he says. "The business has expanded terrifically in the last few years. With new stores opening, or under construction in the west, and additions going up in Montreal and London, we have plenty going on."

BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the following dividends for the three months ending 30th June, 1954.

4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 29, $1.00 per share, payable on 2nd July, 1954. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 29 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

4¼% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 23, $1.19 per share, payable on 2nd July, 1954. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 23 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 7, $0.63 per share, payable on 2nd July, 1954. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 7 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

J. A. Brice
Secretary

Vancouver, B.C.
27th May, 1954.

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EATON'S

Little-People Clothes for the Sun-Soaked Days!

...with a happy-time look that stays sturdy and colourful through all the Summer antics and the rub of the tub... Here, a pair of bright outfits in "Dot and Dash" seersucker (exclusively at Eaton's—the Store for Young Canada!)—just two little samples from the new Summer Collection of gay Wee Folk Fashions at Eaton's.

EATON'S... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

women

THE NEW LOOK *in jewellery for summer: round and round the neck, long ropes of plain glass beads, worn to accent the new long look. Here in white, each 60 inches in length. By Coro and obtainable at Montreal Eaton's; about $2. For other fashion news about what is available in Montreal, see the following pages.*

Conversation Pieces:

"As we Like It", a cook-book compiled from the favorite recipes of world celebrities, throws an odd light on diverging male and female tastes. Masculine celebrities show an experimental interest in cooking and favor such esoterica as *Oeufs Pavillons* and artichokes *au Gratin*. Feminine contributors on the other hand, go in for sturdy old-fashioned simplicity. Lady Churchill favors chocolate cake; Ruth Draper, gingerbread. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt chose blueberry pudding and Lady Astor *Tomatoes Américaines*, conceivably a gallicism for sliced tomatoes. It would be interesting to see what would happen if these famous folk were ever thrown together at a box-social; and especially to watch Noel Coward *(Oeufs Pavillons)* in his efforts to avoid Pearl Buck (Sweet and Sour Pork Ribs) and team up with Elizabeth Arden (Canapé of Beetroot and Caviar).

An acquaintance of ours was once asked to endorse a recipe—any favorite family recipe—from a cook-book compiled by a famous shortening company. Opening the book at random she selected a chocolate peppermint pie and sent in her recommendation. Later, after an attack of conscience, she actually made a chocolate peppermint pie and served it to the family, who rejected it unanimously. It was eventually eaten by the dog but since he was a potluck type who had been known to enjoy grapefruit rinds and the cellophane wrappings from hams, this could hardly be regarded as an endorsation. The shortening company might have been better advised to approach the lady's husband, a conscientious cook and an enthusiastic experimenter in the kitchen.

Ever wonder about the letters that turn up in syndicated columns of advice? Recently three such communications appeared in the column of an Eastern daily. Writer No. 1 was troubled about her responsibility towards a divorced friend, who was known to pay visits to a neighborhood widower and sometimes spent the night in his house. Writer No. 2, a college graduate, was uncertain of her future because her fiancé, a young man of every conceivable virtue, sometimes made mistakes in English. Writer No. 3 was upset by the complacency displayed by her husband when her best girl friend fixed his tie, lit his cigarette and rumpled his hair.

The columnist settled all three problems with brisk authority. Writer No. 1 was to let her divorcee friend go to ruin in her own way. Writer No. 2 was advised to concentrate on her fiancé's strength of character and overlook his weakness in syntax. Writer No. 3 was advised to practise the cigarette-lighting, the tie-fixing and hair-rumpling on the interloper's own husband, and see if this would resolve the situation. (Our guess is that it would tear it wide open and leave the rumpus room a shambles.)

The odd thing was that all three letters turned up the same week in another syndicated column at the west end of the continent. Same problems, same solutions, with only the names of writers and consultants altered. Does this mean that there is one vast mother-syndicate to which all the heart-problems of the nation are automatically routed? Or even that the predicaments, like the solutions, are invented in the head office, like the problems in syndicated chess?

Fashion

Shopping in Montreal

By Margaret Ness

JUNE is Fall in the garment industry's calendar. Already Montreal and Toronto manufacturers have previewed their Fall styles for "the trade" and the press. But for the non-professional buyer, June brings the last flurry of summer clothes to the stores—the last chance to fill in the vacation wardrobe. Here is what Montreal has to offer:

In sportswear, Ogilvy's has been showing some tube tops in cool cotton knits at $3.00. They do a lot for the medium curvaceous line but should be eyed warily by more buxom types. The sleeveless style permits an even shoulder-and-arms tan and the sleeves (actually arm bands) provide an innocent décolletage look. Tubes began to infiltrate the fashion scene last year. We ran across some beauties in the Bermuda shops last Fall. Conservative Canada ought to accept them readily enough this season.

Ogilvy's was also featuring a brief-as-brief beachcoat ($14), a copy of an Italian original, with a fringe all around the huge turn-back cuffs and the large patch pockets. It was in good old-fashioned terrycloth. The new materials all seem to be geared to shed water, not soak it up—a fundamental need in a beachcoat. A gold-colored one seemed a trifle elegant for the cottage, but would be quite devastating over a white swim suit, at the beach club.

Italy seems to have been the store buyers' mecca this year. Simpson's had a made-in-Italy hat and bag set ($5.98), in brilliant colors of straw. The hat was cone-shaped and the bag was big and extra deep. Straw combinations are being teamed up with casual afternoon frocks and are appearing, most unexpectedly, at every sort of function.

Holt Renfrew was also featuring Italian handbags, more formal and citified, made of a combination of peek-through natural cane and sturdy but lightweight cowhide. One bag ($9.95) was reminiscent of the dinner pail that workmen carried before the advent of the thermos box. It had a cowhide base and rim and window-pane cowhide squares over the cane frame.

Bouffant straw skirts (not the hula kind but an all-over lacy weave) at $29.95 and matching straw parasols at $13.95, were to be seen at Eaton's, crocheted by hand in Italy.

For those who have to stay in the city, Montreal was offering a wide choice of dress materials. It's a wise factory that knows its own yard goods now. Synthetics and combinations of yarns produce practically any texture. Personally, until the hour of ironing arrives, we prefer crisp cottons. And when polished cotton appeared on the market a few years ago, we glowed right back into its slick surface.

Ogilvy's had gathered together a collection of dresses, all in grey. It is a color that has become more and more accepted as a summer sophisticate and certainly is a practical in-towner. The fabrics included lowly denim-turned-expensive, cotton-and-silk, smooth broadcloth, tweed-like cotton and Moygashel linen. One cotton-and-silk style ($20) combined the Empire Princess bodice and slim midriff with a full skirt over a crinoline. The short set-in sleeves and the low V-neckline that needed—and got—a white scarf accent, provided a summery look. It was called "Fifth Season", undoubtedly after the hilarious long-run play in New York about the garment industry.

SUMMER *combination of cotton sheer with accents of white organdy. The raised scroll design is on a blue or pink ground. At Montreal Morgan's; about $12.95.*

Simpson's was featuring charcoal cottons, another citified color for summer. One ($19.95) had the Edwardian hourglass look, with tiny raised knots highlighting the muted stripes. The dolman sleeves were tightly cuffed at below-elbow length and a large white over-collar added piquancy.

If one color can be said to predominate this season, it is pink. Of course, we always have the pastels with us every summer, but this year pink, on its own, has achieved the status of a fashion nod. It came to the fore, actually, in the Spring collection from Paris and has carried over. Dessès based his summer Bazaar collection on a lush pink shade, even to his bathing suits.

Montreal Morgan's came up with a bubbly name for their pink collection—champagne pink, to include all the pink shadings from intense to pale. For late day wear there was a pastel pink silk shantung ($40), with a scattered print design, and with the décolleté neckline filled in with pleated plain material in a paler shade—bouffant skirt, of course, and just a suggestion of sleeves. Another, in pink linen, was a slim sheath, buttoned from neckline to hem, its tailored lines unexpectedly relieved by a froth of organdie pulled through the top button-tab.

At the spring showings during the New York Dress Institute's Fashion Week, the tapering three-quarters coat was a noticeable favorite. It has no relationship to those dreadful "hug-me-tight" monstrosities that girls in the 1920s clutched around their emaciated bodies. These were gently tapered and there was just enough coat to provide a balance of warmth and elegance. Holt Renfrew was calling this new style the "Shorter-than-Long" coat and had them in wool fleece with quilted pockets low on the hips. They were in pink, too, as well as other shades.

Another pink buy was a "Shrug"—such an impudent name for this season's scanty but smart coat! Eaton's had it ($18) in nylon, taffeta lined.

Pride of the full-length summer coats is the duster. It's loose enough to cover bouffant skirts, but it isn't the tent of a few years ago, from under which at least three Arabs could have silently stolen away. Simpson's was showing one ($19.95) in heavy corded faille, with a

THE SLIGHTLY *longer look, in a hairstyle created by Simon of the Elizabeth Arden Salon in Paris.*

big cape collar sporting a tiny slit pocket in which you could insert a hankie or a ruffle of any material. The dolman sleeves were adjustable, for turn-back cuffs or to push up above the elbows. This coat was in black, for practical travel purposes, and a far cry in styling from the days of the early "dusters" of the model T age.

Fashion dictates that hats should be worn on all occasions. Indeed, the New York milliner, Mr. John, embosses on all the impressive invitations to his openings the words, "Ladies without hats will not be admitted". Summertime is extreme time in millinery. The winter winds are over and the garden parties in full swing. So the large hat makes its annual appearance, some years with the width from front to back, other years with the width from side to side. This year the latter seems to be in favor. Most women include at least a couple of small hats in their summer wardrobe and Eaton's was featuring a velvet cloche that New York is calling the "Lampshade", a fairly deep crown and a wavy, not scalloped, brim. Velvet used to be considered more of a winter material, but the last few summers, it has become increasingly popular. For one thing, it packs well. It is also a smart carry-over into that controversial late-August period when the weather says it is still summer and fashion demands Fall clothes.

What about your hair? Vacation-time usually means a shorter style. This year the very short Italian or modified-Italian cuts take care of that problem. You can be comfortable and in style too. London and Paris are cutting hair in what they call a "stylish-careless" coiffure. One, the "somersault cut", speaks for itself. It's for the girl who lives on the beach. The hair is cut to cling close to the ears, with the sides brushed to devil's horn curls and two deep waves curving over each eyebrow. Simon, of Elizabeth Arden's Paris salon has created what he calls a "gay and lighthearted" style, with the hair sculptured close to the head and with a slightly longer look.

Elizabeth Arden

Eight Hour Cream

Works wonders on chapped lips, blemishes, minor burns, abrasions

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Elizabeth Arden

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Letters

Capital Punishment

YOUR EDITORIAL (May 29) was quite timely, following closely the moronic demonstrations in Cornwall during the early morning of May 25.

The remains of Peter Balcombe were placed in the gaol yard in a grave void of any flower or marker. This grave is in full view of my office windows and can be seen from my office chair. I have seen four scaffolds built outside my office window, though I have not seen a hanging. Should I and my office staff, not connected with the administration of justice, be expected to suffer this indignity? I realize that justice must be dispensed and, quite aside from any opinions I may have on capital punishment, I should like to know why hangings are conducted privately, when they create such a public feeling of morbid curiosity locally. Should the police have thrown open the big gates in the stone wall along Pitt Street, and forced the crowd to watch the interment of this poor unfortunate human being? Should the individual who threw the large fire cracker on top of the scaffold canvas be made to spend the balance of the night in the cell just recently occupied by this victim?

Cornwall, Ont. J. G. CAMERON, BSc.

. . . ONE THEORY with respect to all forms of punishment is that it acts as a deterrent to the offender and the potential offender. Whether the theory is sound or not may be questionable. How do you propose to demonstrate its truth or falsehood? How can you prove that capital punishment is or is not a deterrent? Do you really think the briefs of those opposed to capital punishment have proved beyond any doubt that it is not a deterrent? I haven't read all of them, but those I have read express personal opinions, but based on what? I have my doubts if they have made it abundantly clear that the threat of death is no more a deterrent than the threat of life imprisonment.

However, the practical question arises. There is, you will note, no moral issue involved in the proposition that I now intend to put to you. This proposition involves the protection afforded to the law enforcement officer. May I illustrate my point by an actual case. Recently two men broke into a certain place of business and stole a safe containing several thousands of dollars in currency. Both these men had criminal records; one man had spent fifteen years in the penitentiary. One police officer took up the chase. Both the men were armed. It became obvious to them that the officer was going to overtake them and if he did would arrest them, in which event they would face long terms of imprisonment. They were subsequently sentenced to 15 years and, having regard to the age of one of the men, it is probably a life sentence. Both of them being armed, why didn't they shoot the constable and escape?

They were not deterred from shooting that officer by reason of any moral principle—at least, I don't think so. I believe they were deterred by reason of the penalty they knew they would face if they shot the policeman, that they were deterred by reason of the existence of that penalty and nothing else and that the officer is alive today because the law does provide for capital punishment. Can I prove my proposition? Of course not. But what is equally important, can you prove that I am wrong?

London, Ont. C. C. SAVAGE

Art Exhibitions

SURELY Mr. Andrew Bell's antipathy towards professional painting societies has led him into advancing criticisms of their exhibitions which ignore something in their favor:

First, that these mixed exhibitions have done great service in the past fifty years in encouraging and developing the arts of painting and sculpture, and in bringing them effectively to the attention of the people of this country. Many an artist worthy of a one-man show might never have come to enjoy that distinction were it not that he had already built up some reputation in the society exhibitions.

Second, that the general citizenry to whom the usual gallery exhibition is addressed, takes its art as it does its reading or music, a piece at a time from here and there. In advocating the suppression of mixed exhibitions, Mr. Bell might as logically argue for the abolition of the public library, on the ground that its shelves contain the works of many authors rather than a single author, or on the assumption that no reader could gain any real understanding of, for example, Shaw, unless he read all of Shaw at one sitting.

The mixed exhibition is by no means a perfect institution. For different reasons, neither is the one-man show. But each has its place as the complement of the other.

Toronto L. A. C. PANTON

A Bit of Britain

MRS. MARSHALL writes from Victoria that when she came to Canada 48 years ago, it "never entered her head" that she was coming to a "Bit of Britain".

Notwithstanding Mrs. Marshall's lack of interest in the history of the country she meant to make her home, Canada had become a "bit of Britain" in 1759, and people who did not want to have their laws, language, customs and religion protected under the British flag were granted every right and opportunity to try their luck elsewhere. . .

Malton, Ont. ELEANOR M. FINDLAY

CHEERS . . . for Mrs. A. B. Marshall in her stand on Canadianism. She's one Britisher who became Canadian. I'm another who will become "Canadian" if Canadians (of a type) will permit me. As a matter of fact, it is rather disgusting to meet with certain "Canadians" who are more British than Britishers. But more than that: because there is a loud-mouthed minority unaware of Canadian national dignity which tries to force the British Flag and Anthem on an unwilling, if inarticulate, vast majority, I find a veritable antagonism growing up . . . .

Halifax ROGER ALLEYN (JR.)

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 37 WHOLE NO. 3189

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, J. W. Bacque; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond St. W. Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice-Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co. 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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Saint John, N.B., painted for the Seagram Collection by Evan Macdonald, A.R.C.A.

THE SEAGRAM COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

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Accompanying the collection were 48-page booklets containing reproductions of the paintings. These were available to all who visited this exhibition. The Seagram Collection is now back home on a two-year trans-Canada tour but it continues, through these booklets, to build goodwill for Canada abroad. In thousands of homes along a 30,000-mile international route the text and pictures of these booklets are, day by day, helping people become more fully informed about our great land.

The House of Seagram

EVAN MACDONALD, A.R.C.A.

Studied at the Ontario College of Art and Royal Academy School of Painting in London, England. On his return to Canada he has specialized in portraits and Canadian landscapes.

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